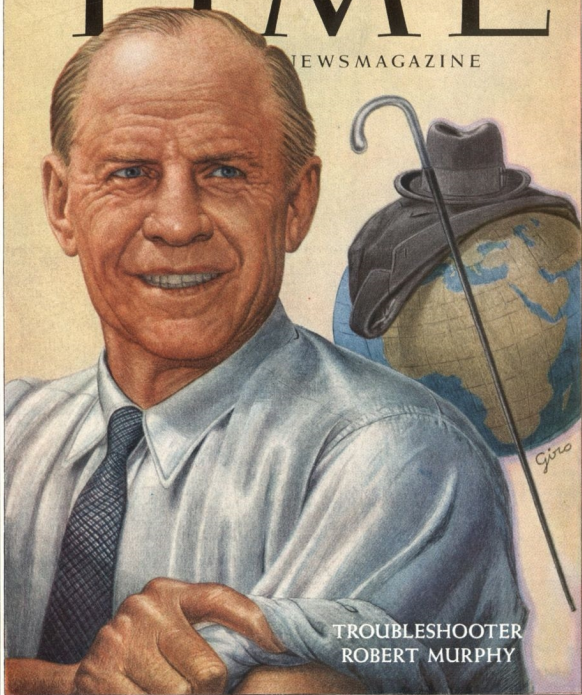


Q TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

AUGUST 25, 1958

TIME

NEWSMAGAZINE



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VOL. LXXII NO. 8



California State Fair, Sacramento, August 27–September 7

At the fair... the Bank that knows California

IN A STATE that's noted for its major industries, *farming* is still California's biggest business, producing cash farm income in excess of 2.5 billion dollars.

Next week at the State Fair in Sacramento the finest examples of California's agricultural industry will be on display—to an attendance that is expected to approach the one million mark.

On hand to serve fair-goers will be a special Bank of America branch to cash checks and take deposits for just this twelve-day period.

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Send off . . . In Denver, Robert L. Cohen, Executive Vice President of Navajo Freight Lines, Inc. gives Driver Bob Masters the manifest for the run. At right: Bill Sallee, Employers Mutuals Representative, whose counseling simplified and coordinated Navajo's insurance program.



From the cab, look over Joe Miner's shoulder to the highway ahead. Teams of two Navajo men are always assigned to the same truck. "You get to know its habits that way," Joe says. "Trucks have habits just like humans."



Control Room for central communications. Navajo's Safety Director Ned MacCracken checks reports coming over the direct wires from all main stations to Denver headquarters. Paul Higgins is the operator.

The "Blue-Eyed" Indian can be your guide to the "Wausau Way of working"...

Wausau Story

COAST TO COAST FROM COLORADO

by Willard C. Haselbush,
Business News Editor The Denver Post



"Probably the only blue-eyed Indian you'll ever see is the trademark for Navajo Freight Lines, Inc. But you see him

often. He's pictured on the trucks and trailers that travel more than 38 million miles a year to provide motor freight service from coast to coast.

"You know—just by the millions of miles traveled every year—that it's no simple matter for this company to set up and maintain an effective safety program for its men. About 93% of those miles are on busy highways, the rest in heavy city traffic. Then, on the docks at the terminals,

there are hazards that come from handling a big variety of shipments in a hurry.

"To solve these problems Navajo works closely with Employers Mutuals, the country-wide insurance company with headquarters in Wausau, Wisconsin. Wherever there's an important Navajo terminal, there's an Employers Mutuals office. That means on-the-spot service, fast handling of claims, a personal concern with safety and a real savings in dollars and cents too.

"That's good business. And a good way of working. The neighborly spirit of Wausau is found at every Employers Mutuals office wherever it is located."

Whatever your business is and wherever it is, Employers Mutuals can provide "local" service tailored to your needs. Employers Mutuals, with offices all across the country, writes all forms of fire, group and casualty insurance including automobile. We are one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. For further information see your nearest representative (consult your telephone directory) or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau



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Today's air power in action:*



One-shot rocket blasts entire attacking fleet

Early last summer at Yucca Flats, Nevada, military observers saw the first demonstration of a new concept in defense weapons—the Douglas *Genie*...

Today this formidable nuclear missile is on operational duty with the Air Force—is the primary air-to-air defense missile in the U.S. arsenal.

The stubby *Genie* rocket is compact enough to be handled by a fast interceptor — yet can knock out an entire fleet of bombers with a single hit or a near miss. Designed primarily for use against high altitude jets, *Genie's* atomic warhead can be fired without radioactive fallout. It is thus usable against



***Defensive Systems**—Enemy aircraft trying to break through America's air defenses now face fast interceptors like the Northrop F-89 *Scorpion* carrying such powerful armament as the Douglas *Genie*. This atomic missile can destroy an attacking formation with even a proximity explosion.

sneak attacks over our own or friendly territory.

Rapid development of *Genie* from design and test stages into quantity production is typical of the speed and thoroughness of the Douglas approach. To date Douglas has produced almost twenty thousand experimental and operational missiles for the Army, Navy and Air Force in *all four major categories*: air-to-air, air-to-surface, surface-to-air and surface-to-surface.

Depend on
DOUGLAS
first in Missiles





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LETTERS

The U.N. & Mr. Lodge

Sir:
I sincerely congratulate you on the Aug. 11 article on the U.N.'s Henry Cabot Lodge. During the last five years, I have witnessed the excellent work performed by Ambassador Lodge in defending the highest principles of international morals. His uprightness in opposing the sinister maneuvers of the representatives of the Soviet Union and its satellites and quasi-satellites deserves high praise from the free men of the world.

EMILIO NUÑEZ PORTUONDO
Ambassador of Cuba to the U.N.
New York City

Sir:
Congratulations! TIME and Henry Koerner have accomplished what television and news photographers have failed in doing over the years. You've taken a handsome man and made him look like a fat idiot.

CARTER MULLALY JR.

West Los Angeles

Sir:
Ambassador Lodge speaks a clear and muscular language that warms my heart every time he addresses the Russians. As one who has viewed all things Republican with a jaundiced eye, I think it is a great relief to hear him after listening to the usual toplofty, mush-mouthed types who use elliptical sentences that seem, lately, to be the voice of America.

Someone should consider Henry Cabot Lodge for the next Republican President. He might be prevailed upon to consider changing one thankless job for another. Furthermore, he just might win.

WILLIAM C. DA VIE

Rosedale, N.Y.

The Pictures' Story

Sir:
After looking at your Aug. 4 pictures of the Baghdad victims, I have decided to resign from the human race.

(MRS.) ELLEN LOVETT, R.N.

Seekonk, Mass.

Sir:
For the second time I have found it necessary to tear a page out of TIME before taking it home. I wonder why any editor who is a human being could think of printing the "Victims of Baghdad" pictures.

GERARD FAY

London

Sir:
Thank you for publishing the pictures of the victims of the "bloodless" Iraqi revolt.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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at first I tried to forget these horrors, but I soon realized that I couldn't and shouldn't.

JIMMY BAIRD

Dallas

Sir:
When one reads of the inhuman and needless carnage of the Iraq revolt, one wonders if the teeming masses of the Arab countries are capable of, or indeed have a right to, self-determination.

CHARLES R. GALE

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir:
My most fervent hope is that the "Ike was stupid!" crowd took a good look at the pictures.

MRS. CHARLES G. STUVENGEN

San Francisco

Escape to Reality

Sir:
I am one of the many, though silent, Americans who appreciated TV's on-the-spot coverage of the U.N.'s handling of the Middle East crisis [Aug. 4]. Ordinarily, I wouldn't waste my time on the trash that litters the daytime TV screen, but I stayed glued to my set to watch U.N. representatives at work on a grave international problem. If the members of that "peace-loving audience" of popular programs truly cared to preserve the pleasant status quo of their lives, they would do well to pay less attention to the meaningless escapism of *Dotto*, *Play Your Hunch* and *For Love or Money*.

ANN NORTON

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sir:
When the networks encountered complaints, they might have reflected on the probability that their normal fare has alienated all but the most naive.

P. S. BARROWS

Del Mar, Calif.

The Cultured Admiral

Sir:
A "Well Done" for your Aug. 4 cover and fine story on Admiral Holloway. Unquestionably one of the most cultured and erudite admirals in the Navy, it has been his practice for years to travel with a set of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, edition of 1914 or earlier, as, in his opinion, editions subsequent to World War I laid more stress on science and inventions than on the arts.

Your quotation from Mahan is a paraphrase of a very old proverb, and written

TIME and new address (with zone number if any)—allow three weeks for change-over.

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in place...
moisturizes
scalp
to stop dryness...
fights
dandruff!...

**'TOP
BRASS'**

FOR MEN

in many tongues, namely, that "one sword keeps another in the scabbard." In an evil age, the man who bares the sword is the man who bears the peace.

EDGAR K. THOMPSON
Captain, U.S.N.

Washington, D.C.

Nasser's Size

Sir:

Your cover story on Nasser shows again that your evaluation of a man's policy and character doesn't rest on the integrity of this policy but on how harmful or helpful the man is to the West. Every so-called pro-Western government in this area has proved to be undesirable to the people. The fact is that the people are sick of being ruled by agents who care more about their own security and the interests of the American State Department than the welfare of their country. Nasser is nobody's tool.

LAILA ROSTOM

Cairo

Nice Note from Nancy

Sir:

I don't mind being criticized, but I do mind being called "acid-tongued." You see, I am trying to be a Christian, and acid tongues don't help you on the way. I enjoy your pages—or I would not trouble to write you.

NANCY ASTOR

London

Thoughts for the Family

Sir:

Now that the delegates at the National Catholic Family Life Convention in Buffalo have censured romantic love among teenagers, mixed marriages and birth control, I would like to ask the following question: How can these ecclesiastical bachelors consider themselves qualified to make decisions concerning family, marital and sexual problems? A Catholic priest attempting to be an authority on such problems is as ludicrous as a man trying to coach a football team when he has never seen a football game.

RALPH B. RAMING

Los Angeles

Sir:

The Most Rev. Joseph A. Burke, Bishop of Buffalo, might look even beyond Buffalo and discover that we have followed God's command to be fruitful—we have multiplied, and the earth is filled; now all we need to do is use our heads.

FRANK MENEFFE

Newport, Ky.

Art Class

Sir:

Grandma Moses must be itching to assemble the sullen-looking gang of leading abstract expressionists [Aug. 4] and blister their individualistic behinds.

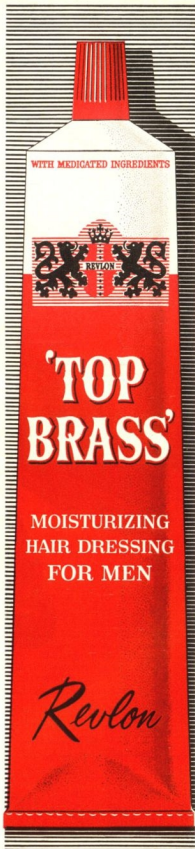
RICHARD J. O. GREENE

Indianapolis

Sir:

Your fine story succeeded in flushing out an old friend, co-worker and protagonist of Jackson Pollock's. It's me. I was a high school chum of Pollock's, later in 1930 we left Los Angeles for New York to broaden ourselves technically. We began a hard classic training at the Art Students League. To pay for our tuition and materials, we shared studios, worked as bus boys, garbage removers and dishwashers at the League cafeteria. School over, we hung up our respective shingles in the Village as professionals.

For ten years Pollock and I worked fur-



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ously at our painting, but nothing happened. We bummed around the country and brought our works back to New York galleries, but no one noticed our efforts. The academic painters seemed to have full control, and any deviator or nonconformist was an outsider, thus rejected. After eleven years of this struggle, I gave up to try my hand at ideas I



TOLEGIAN SELF PORTRAIT (1946)

wanted to develop in small towns in California, but Pollock remained in New York and continued his fight against academism in art.

Thus, whether or not one finds merit in Pollock's paintings is immaterial. His works remain as symbols of man's struggle against conformity, complacency, bigotry and methodism. He demonstrated that man's free spirit is more valuable than anything else he possesses.

MANUEL TOLEGIAN

Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Sir:

Trundling tripe around Europe merely confirms the average European's impression that we are cultural bores. These so-called A.E. artists are a collection of bone-lazy, pseudo-bohemians who foist five-minute brush floppings onto the usual gullible, snobbish suckers.

F. H. NORMAN CARTER

New York City

Same Old Iceberg

Sir:

In 1932 Ernest Hemingway remarked in *Death in the Afternoon*, "If a writer of prose knows enough about what he is writing about, he may omit things that he knows . . . The dignity of movement of an iceberg is due to only one-eighth of it being above water. A writer who omits things because he does not know them only makes hollow places in his writing." In Hemingway's "refreshing" *Paris Review* interview (Aug. 11), he remarked, "I always write on the principle of the iceberg. There is seven-eighths of it under water for every part that shows. Anything you know you can eliminate . . ."

It is reassuring to see that in 26 years both Mr. Hemingway's views and his iceberg have remained so solid. One wonders, however, if the move from above to beneath the water is an evidence of Mr. Hemingway's progression in depth, or a reflection of the modern quest for a place to hide.

ROBERT W. LYONS

Westmont, N.J.

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

James A. Lines

THE names of the five-star military leaders fill the headlines of history. But the U.S. Foreign Service has a five-star equivalent to the military, and the senior Foreign Service officer is Robert Daniel Murphy, whose profession is preventing trouble—and and troubleshooting. In his almost 40 years of diplomatic service, Murphy has been everywhere, done everything, seen everyone. He has developed a charming exterior and a steely interior; he speaks—wherever he is—with the authority of his Government. For what Career Diplomat Murphy has meant and will mean to world politics, see NATIONAL AFFAIRS, Five-Star Diplomat.

tools and a clash of cymbals this week, the production lines start up for 1959's new models—cars whose appeal, or the lack of it, will have a telling effect on the course of the U.S. economy. For what the new autos will look like,



DESIGNER
GEORGE
WALKER

ON the lower slopes of the Mount Kilimanjaro that Hemingway celebrated lives a tribe almost unique in Africa—Christian, prosperous (with a \$6,000,000-to-\$8,000,000 annual coffee crop), and ruled by a British-educated chief known as King Tom. In the land of the Chagga, whites work for the blacks—and both accomplish a lot. See FOREIGN NEWS, "Look What We Can Do!"



DETROIT'S
BIG THREE

AFTER five months' haggling, Western nations slashed from 181 to 118 the number of strategic items which are embargoed to Communist countries. But for all the talk, it's the Communists who do most to hold down the trading. See FOREIGN NEWS, Cutting the List.

make by make, how big the market is and how Detroit plans to tap it, see BUSINESS, The New Cars.

WHEN Detroit launched its 1958 models last November, TIME told of the hoopla and hope that attended their introduction in a cover story on Ford Vice President and Style Chief George William Walker, whose smile was as brightly gleaming as the chrome on his cars. But by May, when sales and production turned increasingly sour, so did the faces in Detroit as chronicled in a second cover on the industry's Big Three. With a clink of

IF businessmen studied the new autos with a keen eye, they also looked long at another economic factor to be reckoned with in the months to come: inflation. Everyone hears a lot about inflation; the talk is fraught with semantic difficulties because everyone has a different definition of the word, and thus a different assessment of the danger. For a sensible definition and an idea of how far away the U.S. is from real inflation, see BUSINESS, Inflation: Unlikely.

INDEX

Cover Story....11

Art.....60	Hemisphere.....28	People.....34
Books.....80	Letters.....44	Press.....40
Business.....70	Medicine.....52	Religion.....48
Cinema.....78	Milestones.....66	Science.....37
Education.....45	Miscellany.....84	Show Business.....64
Foreign News.....18	Music.....58	Sport.....57
	National Affairs.....9	



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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Points for Peace

President Dwight Eisenhower moved quickly down the main aisle of the United Nations' General Assembly chamber, nodding and smiling at the applause. He mounted the central dais, sat down on the high-backed blue chair that the U.N. brings out for special visitors. Introduced by New Zealand's Sir Leslie Munro, president of the General Assembly, President Eisenhower stepped up to the dark green marble lectern, laid down an open notebook, and began his first United Nations address since his historic Atoms for Peace speech five years ago. In 1953 the President stirred hearts and minds with an eloquent plea that the wonders of atomic science be "not dedicated to man's death but consecrated to his life." This time he had an even more urgent task: to set forth, for the world to hear and heed, U.S. policy toward the brawling, broiling Middle East.

More than Retort. Painstaking work, with six rewritings between first draft and final text, went into the President's speech. Resolved that any speech he delivered to the General Assembly would be more than a mere retort to Soviet accusations, Ike called in C. D. Jackson, a vice president of TIME, Inc. and wartime civilian member of General Eisenhower's SHAEF staff, who had helped write the Atoms for Peace speech.

Jackson revised his first major draft in keeping with suggestions by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. Draft No. 2 got a thorough going-over at an all-day Sunday session at Dulles' house by a team made up of Treasury Secretary Robert B. Anderson, Deputy Under Secretary of State Douglas Dillon, Assistant Secretary of State William Rountree and State Department Counselor G. Frederick Reinhardt, along with Dulles and Jackson. President Eisenhower and Dulles, working together at the White House, edited the next draft. After retyping, this edited version underwent still another Eisenhower tooling. The White House secretarial staff again typed the manuscript, just in time for Ike's departure for New York, the evening before he delivered his speech.

Whisked from the White House lawn to Washington National Airport by a Marine Corps helicopter, President Eisenhower flew to New York in *Columbine III*, sped to Park Avenue's Waldorf-Astoria in his bubble-top Lincoln. In his 35th floor

Waldorf suite that night, the President, Dulles and Jackson sat around a coffee table, editing the speech once more. Finally the President leaned back. Said he: "That finishes it."

Desperate Call. Before the 81-nation General Assembly the President struck hard at what he called "ballistic blackmail": the Soviet Union's rocket-rattling and "brink-of-catastrophe" alarms after the U.S. landing in Lebanon. "In most communities," said President Eisenhower, "it is illegal to cry 'fire' in a crowded assembly. Should it not be considered serious international misconduct to manufacture a general war scare in an effort to achieve local political aims? Pressures such as these will never be successfully practiced against America, but they do create dangers which could affect each and every one of us."

The U.S. landing in Lebanon, he continued, was a response to a "desperate call" from that country's lawful government. On the principle that "aggression, direct

or indirect, must be checked," the U.S. reserves "the right to answer the legitimate appeal of any nation, particularly small nations." But the U.S. "seeks always to keep within the spirit of the Charter." When the U.S. "responded to the urgent pleas of Lebanon, we went at once to the Security Council and sought U.N. assistance for Lebanon so as to permit the withdrawal of U.S. forces," but that approach was blocked by Soviet vetoes.

Then Dwight Eisenhower came to the heart of his speech: a broad U.S. program for Middle East peace and progress. Its six points:

- 1) **Protect Lebanon.** The veto-free General Assembly should "consider how it can assure" Lebanon's "continued independence and integrity."
- 2) **Safeguard Jordan.** The Assembly should declare "the interest of the U.N. in preserving the peace in Jordan."
- 3) **Curb Propaganda.** "An end to the fomenting from without of civil strife" is



AT THE U.N.: HAMMARSKJÖLD, IKE, LODGE, DULLES
Firmness in the face of ballistic blackmail.

James Kavanilles—N.Y. Herald Tribune



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VIEW OF A SUMMIT

necessary to Middle East stability. The U.N. should undertake to monitor "inflammatory" radio broadcasts "directed across the national frontiers" in the troubled Middle East. The President avoided naming names, but every delegate in the Assembly knew that he had in mind the recklessly subversive outpourings of Gamal Abdel Nasser's vitriolic Radio Cairo and Radio Damascus.

4) **Set Up a U.N. Force.** Needed to protect Middle East countries from armed attack and infiltration is a "stand-by U.N. peace force" that could "make the U.N.'s presence manifest in the area of trouble."

5) **Combat Poverty.** "To help the Arab countries fulfill their aspirations," the President proposed a regional economic development institution, "governed by the Arab states themselves," to which other countries would contribute money and technical assistance. If the Arab countries agree to set up such an institution and "support it with their own resources, the U.S. would also be prepared to support it" (with perhaps \$100 million a year, said Administration spokesmen).

6) **Slow the Arms Race.** The U.N. should undertake "to see what arms control arrangements could be worked out" to curb, by voluntary agreement, the Middle East's "wasteful, dangerous competition in armaments."

The President offered no specific formulas for carrying out any of these points, but this vagueness was deliberate: it would take long and patient consultation with other delegations to work out formulas that a majority of the U.N.'s members would support—and that the Arab countries would accept. Only on point five did the President elaborate. A regional development program, he said, might make it possible to solve the Middle East's "great common shortage—water." With mid-century advances in water technology (see SCIENCE), the "ancient problem of water is on the threshold of solution. Energy, determination and science will carry it over that threshold. Another great challenge that faces the area

is disease . . . Much more remains to be done."

Surly Refusal. After the deserts blossom again, President Eisenhower said, the world might see an "Arab renaissance," with modern Arab nations making contributions to civilization surpassing the Islamic advances in mathematics, astronomy and medicine during Europe's Middle Ages. Throughout his speech, the President took Arab feeling into account, tried to avoid giving any impression that the U.S. was seeking to dictate to the Arab world. He stressed that the U.S. did not want "a position of leadership" in the regional economic program, that "the goals must be Arab goals," and that Arab peoples "clearly possess the right of determining and expressing their own destiny."

But despite all the efforts to placate them, Arabs responded to the President's six-point plan with a surly refusal to discuss any constructive steps until U.S. and British troops get out of Lebanon and Jordan (see FOREIGN NEWS). Because of this foreseeable Arab attitude, plus the fact that the U.S. has only one vote out of 81, it was predictable that the General Assembly would not, at the current emergency session at least, adopt any detailed program for carrying out the U.S.'s six points. All the U.S. could expect—and all the Administration expected—was an Assembly resolution 1) calling for a U.N. "presence" in Lebanon and Jordan, 2) favorably mentioning other points in the U.S. program, however vaguely, and 3) instructing Secretary General Hammarskjöld to look into the practical possibilities. That much, after protracted diplomatic debate, the U.S. will probably achieve in the U.N. this week.

But the value and results of the President's Middle East speech could not be measured solely by General Assembly resolutions. Besides proposing a Middle East program, the President set forth, in terms whose echoes should linger long, the U.S. stand in the world: firmness in the face of "ballistic blackmail," steadfast opposition to aggression, loyalty to the U.N. Charter, friendship toward other nations and readiness to help them achieve their real and legitimate aspirations.

SPACE

77 Seconds

Outward bound on a space voyage that might have changed man's whole future, an 88-ft. Air Force rocket roared into the air one morning last week from Pad 17-B at Florida's Cape Canaveral missile test center. Destination: the vicinity of the moon, 220,000-odd miles away.

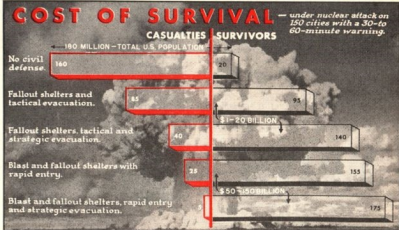
If all the intricate calculations proved correct (TIME, Aug. 18), and if all the finely tooled devices functioned perfectly, the three stages of the rocket, a modified Thor-Vanguard hybrid, would carry an 85-lb., instrumented "lunar probe" near enough to the moon to be drawn into a lunar orbit. Revolving around the moon, the probe could report back to earth electronic-eye impressions of the never-seen far side, which has intrigued men's minds for centuries. Even if the probe failed to slip into a lunar orbit at the end of its 2½-day journey—and the odds were steep against such a performance—Air Force spacemen hoped that the probe would at least escape the earth's gravitational embrace and radio back data on regions of space where no man-made object had ever penetrated before.

But something went wrong. Ten miles up, just 77 seconds off the pad, the rocket exploded. "It was one of those random failures," said Major General Bernard Schriever, top Air Force missileman. "It was not fundamental. It will have no effect on our future plans. We are going ahead as soon as we can." Next scheduled try: mid-September.

CIVIL DEFENSE

Head in the Sand

"The supreme irony of civil defense in the U.S.," said the House Military Operations Subcommittee last week, "is that the American people and many of their elected and appointed policy officials refuse to accept the distasteful facts of reality simply because they are distasteful." The distasteful facts, as set forth by the subcommittee with help from Rand Corp. researchers: a thermonuclear attack on the 150 largest U.S. cities could wipe out



70% of the nation's industry and kill 160 million people, about 90% of the population.

But the subcommittee also found "promising possibilities" for averting such catastrophe. The hydrogen death rate, said the subcommittee, would drop dramatically in proportion to the strength of a civil defense system of blast and fallout shelters (see chart), now virtually nonexistent. With reasonable time to evacuate, a complete shelter system might cut the death cost to 3%. Other practical steps, e.g., sheltering mothballed machine tools and moving key industrial plants underground, might help U.S. industry return to normal within a decade.

"To save over 90% of the population and restore the pre-attack American standard of living in less than ten years," said the subcommittee, "should be sufficient incentive to give civil defense its rightful place in the defense system of the U.S. . . . We are confronted with the grim, brutal reality of the nuclear threat. An ostrichlike policy will not save American lives and property."

Despite the subcommittee's stark warning, the U.S. Congress plainly intended to keep its head in the sand on civil defense: just two days after the House subcommittee issued its report, the Senate Appropriations Committee flatly turned down Civil Defense Boss Leo Hoegh's modest request for \$13,150,000 to get a prototype shelter program started.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Five-Star Diplomat

(See Cover)

Weary-eyed, a little rumped and sniffing from a cold caught somewhere between Athens and Rome, U.S. Deputy Under Secretary of State Robert Daniel Murphy eased his 6 ft. 2 in. gratefully into a seat in *Columbine III*. Turning to his traveling companion, Murphy began talking quietly, steadily of the historic trip just ending; rushed to the Middle East 20 days before, Murphy had traveled 18,575 miles, visited nine Middle East and European nations, in Lebanon alone met 45 times with government and rebel leaders. When Diplomat Murphy finished talking, his friend on the *Columbine* leaned toward him. "Bob," said the President of the U.S., returning to Washington after his United Nations speech, "you did a wonderful job."

Five-Star Ambassador* Bob Murphy, 63, had indeed done a remarkable job. Among his major achievements: 1) by urging a positive, performance-over-

propaganda U.S. program for the Middle East, he contributed directly to the policies set forth in the President's U.N. speech; 2) by rallying rival Lebanese parties behind compromise President-elect Fuad Chehab, he arranged a shaky sort of cease-fire and brought a promise of political order to Lebanon; 3) he shrewdly impressed Arab leaders, both friendly and hostile, with the key fact that the U.S. had shown itself able and willing to help its friends in the Middle East—while the U.S.S.R., for all its ballistic-blackmail diplomacy, had backed off when the going got rough.

Behind those achievements lay nearly 40 years of international troubleshooting.

a joy to behold in action. I have never seen any man who could sit at a conference table and smile and nod and rub his hands—and, when the occasion demands, be so coldly vicious." Thus, in Lebanon last fortnight, when Nasserite Rebel Leader Saeb Salam threatened to pitch U.S. marines into the sea, Murphy's eyes turned hard, and he began cracking his knuckles like a machine gun. Said he: "You know, Mr. Salam, we have the power to destroy your positions in a matter of seconds." Then, softly: "We haven't used it. We hope we don't have to."

Yet it is the mark of Bob Murphy's professionalism that he left with Salam singing his praises. Such was Murphy's



EISENHOWER, LOY HENDERSON & MURPHY IN WASHINGTON
Wherever and whenever the flames of controversy burn hottest.

Murphy has been on hand wherever and whenever the flames of world controversy burned hottest: in Munich during Hitler's brawling beer-hall days, in North Africa patiently maneuvering to deliver Vichy France's colonies to the World War II Allies, in Berlin during the airlift, in Trieste and in Panmunjom, in London during the Suez crisis. To Tunisians he is "Monsieur Bons Offices," to austere Britons he is "Breezy Bob," and to *Pravda* he is "Warmonger Murphy." To friends and enemies alike, he is perhaps the world's fastest-moving, most highly skilled diplomatic fireman.

From Warm to Cold. Murphy's fire-fighting talents come from the diplomatic professionalism that has made him senior careerman of all the 12,585 State Department and Foreign Service professionals spread round the world in 77 embassies, three legations, 199 consulates and other outposts. Murphy knows the diplomatic rule book as well as anyone alive—and his professionalism tells him the proper time to throw it away. He can be a charming, top-hatted and white-gloved diplomat—or a deadly antagonist. Says an admiring British Commonwealth diplomat: "He is

total performance that another U.S. career diplomat in the Middle East was moved to remark: "Bob proves the ultimate value of professionalism in diplomacy—proves the case for a Foreign Service career. We can't do without men like him."

"Work, Work, Work." Careerman Bob Murphy fell into the Foreign Service almost by accident. Born in Milwaukee on Oct. 28, 1894, he was the only son of an Irish-American steam fitter on the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific Railroad. He worked his way through school, held dozens of odd jobs, e.g., selling the *Milwaukee Journal*. By 1916 he had managed to get into Washington's George Washington University Law School. There, an old foot injury kept him out of World War I military service—so he applied for a civilian war job and wound up as a clerk in the U.S. legation in neutral, window-on-the-world Bern, Switzerland. Murphy's two-year record was summed up by a colleague, a young diplomat named Allen Welsh Dulles: "Work, work, work."

"Wait a Minute." At war's end Murphy returned to George Washington, got his law degree, was admitted to the District of Columbia bar. He had always

* Career Ambassador rank, equivalent to Navy Fleet Admiral, General of the Army or Air Force, was signed into law in August 1955. The five-star ambassadors: Robert D. Murphy; Loy Wesley Henderson, 66, Deputy Under Secretary of State (Administration), since retired from the Foreign Service but serving on by presidential appointment; H. Freeman ("Doc") Matthews, 69, onetime Deputy Under Secretary of State (1950-53), now Ambassador to Austria; James Clement Dunn, 67, onetime Ambassador to Italy, France, Brazil, since retired.



IN PARIS WITH BULLITT (1939)



IN NORTH AFRICA WITH EDEN, CHURCHILL, MACMILLAN (1943)

wanted to be a lawyer, but he indulged himself by taking Foreign Service exams simply because "I was curious to see if I could pass them." He did—and in April 1921, he was offered a place in the U.S. consulate at Zurich. He talked it over with his bride of one month, a former Red Cross worker named Mildred Claire Taylor, and accepted. Says Murphy: "We decided to try it for a year."

The year has never ended. In 1921-25 he was in Munich, where he made the sort of mistake that is part of the training of a professional. The U.S. was interested in the doings of rising young Rabble Rouser Adolf Hitler. Murphy reported that Hitler was simply too loony to be dangerous. Among the diplomatic observers in Munich who agreed with Murphy was Apostolic Nuncio Eugenio Pacelli. Years later, after the liberation of Rome, Diplomat Robert Murphy saw Pacelli again, grinned: "Do you remember the reports which we agreed to send about Hitler?" Replied Eugenio Pacelli, by this time Pope Pius XII: "Now Robert, wait a minute. Don't you even mention papal infallibility. That was long before I became Pope."

After 16 years spent learning his trade in routine jobs, Diplomat Murphy's breakthrough came in 1936, with the arrival in Paris of Ambassador William Bullitt, a close friend of Franklin Roosevelt's and a man with a sharp eye for young talent. "When I got to Paris," recalls Bullitt, "Murphy was No. 3 consul. He seemed so much abler than the No. 2 consul and the No. 1 consul that I had him made consul general." By 1939 Murphy was a full-blown counselor at the Paris embassy. "This," says Bullitt, "was going up very fast."

Meet Lieut. Colonel McGowan. When France fell in June 1940, Ambassador Bullitt returned to the U.S., and Murphy became the top-ranking American in a France divided between the German occupation in the North and the Vichy French government in the South. Main aim of U.S. policy: to keep the German-Italian Axis out of strategic French North Africa. In December 1940, Murphy went to Algiers, negotiated a deal with the Vichy authorities to supply them with U.S. economic aid and U.S. "technical assistants," soon took charge of an expanding North African intelligence network.

North Africa began Murphy's cloak-

and-dagger days. On the eve of the U.S.-British landings in North Africa in the fall of 1942, Bob Murphy took on the name, identification papers and guise of Lieut. Colonel McGowan, U.S. Army. He flew secretly to London for talks with Supreme Commander Dwight Eisenhower, then to Washington to confer with President Roosevelt. A key Murphy recommendation to General Eisenhower: a top-level U.S. officer should be smuggled into North Africa to persuade friendly French leaders to support the Allied invasion. Ike agreed, selected Lieut. General Mark Clark as his representative.

At midnight on Oct. 22, 1942, Clark's submarine spotted a flickering light on an Algerian coastal bluff. It was the signal to row ashore, that the way was clear. When Clark and his team reached shore, Bob Murphy was on hand to greet them: "Welcome to North Africa." That day, in a red-roofed villa on the road to Algiers, Clark and Murphy ate bread, jam and sardines, plotted the North African invasion with French leaders brought by Murphy. Suddenly the telephone rang, followed by the cry: "The police will be here in a few minutes." Tipped off in time's nick, Mark Clark and his men ducked desperately into the wine cellar. Murphy, an aide and a French officer remained upstairs, tipsily greeted the cops, clanked bottles, sang noisily, urged the French police not to disturb the young ladies supposedly in an upstairs room. With Gallic gallantry, the cops searched routinely, left.

Panting & Pantsless. That night, ready to row back to his submarine, Clark took off his trousers to prevent their getting soaked as he helped push his boat into the breakers. In his hurry, he left the trousers on the beach, arrived panting and pantsless on the sub. Three weeks later Clark got a package from Murphy: it contained his trousers, freshly cleaned and pressed. The result of the Clark expedition and Murphy's work: French collaboration made the Allied invasion immeasurably easier.

As General Eisenhower's political assistant in North Africa after the invasion (his British counterpart on Ike's staff was Harold Macmillan), Murphy masterminded U.S. negotiations with Vichy's devious Admiral Darlan, helped procure a cease-fire in Algeria and Morocco, saved thou-

sands of U.S. and British soldiers' lives—and was severely criticized by U.S. liberals. Sample: "He is an Irish Catholic," said the *New Republic*. "Obviously his relations with the extreme right in French politics were warm." Dwight Eisenhower felt differently. He awarded Murphy the Distinguished Service Medal, later wrote of him: "Affable, friendly, exceedingly shrewd. . . . Unquestionably his missionary work had much to do with eventual success."

History's Proofs. After the war, Murphy became Military Governor Lucius Clay's political adviser in Germany, argued along with Clay that defeated Germany ought to be brought up to the status of ally in the anti-Communist camp. From job to job, in Washington as chief of the State Department's Office of German and Austrian Affairs, in Belgium as ambassador, as first postwar U.S. Ambassador to Japan, as Mark Clark's Korean war truce adviser at Panmunjom, Bob Murphy kept proving his professional versatility. He even found time to give Joe McCarthy a comeuppance. "Why," cried Joe one day when Murphy was a witness before his Senate committee, "look at Dag Hammarskjöld drinking tea with Chou En-lai, while American boys are held prisoners. Why should he be drinking tea?" Answered Bob Murphy tartly: "Because Chou doesn't serve whiskey."

But as soon as Troubleshot Murphy doused one flame, another flared up. He flew to see Tito in 1954 and again in 1955, helped get a favorable settlement on combustible Trieste. He flew to see Eden in 1956 after Nasser seized the Suez Canal. He flew to Tunis and Paris last February in a U.S.-British "good-offices mission" designed to ease the French-Tunisian crisis, managed to lay out the lines of an interim solution later adopted by De Gaulle.

Travel Log. On July 14, 1958 the fire bell rang again: the pro-West government of Iraq had been bloodily overthrown, threatening the pro-West but trouble-racked government of nearby Lebanon; Lebanon asked for and promptly got U.S. military help. Bob Murphy jumped into a KC-135 jet tanker, set an 11-hr. 1-min. record from the U.S. to Beirut. From that moment on, Murphy moved from country to country, from Middle East hero to Middle East villain, averaged less than five hours' sleep a night. But no matter



IN MOSCOW WITH VISHINSKY & FRIENDS* (1947)

what other demands were made on him, Murphy found time each night to retire behind closed doors, write longhand on yellow foolscap to Washington, reporting his activities.

These were the activities that shaped his reports:

LEBANON: Murphy found President Camille Chamoun a prisoner in his own home, there for 62 days and afraid even to go near the window. Murphy's first and foremost objective was to try to bring peace by finding a compromise President acceptable to Lebanon's evenly divided Christian and Moslem communities. The obvious choice: Army Chief of Staff Fuad Chehab, a Maronite Christian and political neutralist. After 14 days of Murphy negotiations with government and rebel leaders, as well as Chehab, the crisis eased with Chehab's election.

JORDAN: Murphy flew to Amman, met young King Hussein under a portrait of Hussein's assassinated grandfather, Abdullah. Hussein assured Murphy that he had no notion of abdicating, that he felt sure his troops were loyal. Murphy's reaction to Hussein: "I felt great admiration for him."

IRAQ: In Baghdad, Murphy assured revolutionary Prime Minister Karim Kassem that U.S. troops are in Lebanon without hostile intent toward Iraq. For their part the revolutionists professed nothing but friendship for the West. Murphy's conclusion: they may not mean it—but they deserve every chance to prove themselves one way or another.

ISRAEL: Tough, white-maned Premier Ben-Gurion flatly said that if Nasser's United Arab Republic tries to take over Hussein's Jordan, then Israeli troops will march. Murphy's conclusion: Ben-Gurion meant precisely what he said.

EGYPT: Murphy arrived in Cairo for an appointment with Nasser, met with a clumsy snub in the form of a ten-hour delay before Nasser would see him. When Nasser finally received Murphy that night, Nasser shrugged off the delay as just "one of those things." But Nasser, nervous and withdrawn at first, was soon talking freely to Murphy in a four-hour session that lasted past midnight. A neutral Lebanon, said Nasser, would be acceptable to the U.A.R. as long as it behaved itself. The Jordanian situation was "impossible," and Hussein was just a child. If Israel inter-

vened in Jordan, then Nasser would fight (and he would probably get drubbed by Israel for the third time in ten years).

At one point, Nasser complained about the U.S. military buildup in Lebanon. An account from the Middle East of Murphy's reply: you're a military man, Mr. President. So is President Eisenhower. You should understand that he doesn't want this to be a failure; he would rather have too much strength than too little. After all, the U.S.S.R. threatened to send in troops during the Suez crisis. They might have made the same threat again—but they haven't. Soviet reaction is relatively mild—and that is very interesting.

Nasser, who has increasingly come to depend on Soviet help to bail him out of trouble, got the point.

By the time Murphy had finished sending his findings and recommendations from the Middle East, his fire-fighting job was virtually over. The General Assembly was about to meet at United Nations, N.Y., and the U.S. proposals, based partly on Murphy's field reports, were ready. After landing in New York, Murphy chatted for an hour or so with Secretary Dulles at the Waldorf, dropped by the President's suite to pay his respects that night and again the next morning, flew back to Washington on the *Columbine* in the afternoon.

From the Washington airport, Murphy went to the White House for a brief stop, then, after his long, hard trip, to his spacious and comfortable home, where he joined his long-ailing wife Mildred (the Murphys have two daughters: Rosemary, an actress now appearing on Broadway in *Look Homeward, Angel*, and Mildred, a *New York Times* reporter). Next morning Murphy arose early, went to his State Department office, With Dulles at the U.N. and Under Secretary Christian Herter at the weekly National Security Council meeting. Five-Star Diplomat Murphy found himself the ranking officer. He presided over the regular morning conference, went back to his desk and attacked the overnight cables. Bob Murphy was back at the day-to-day storekeeping that, between fire alarms, is the sine of professional diplomacy.

© In center: Britain's Diplomat Sir William Strang, French Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville.



IN COACH ON WAY TO SEE EMPEROR OF JAPAN (1952)



IN BELGRADE WITH TITO (1955)



IN TUNIS WITH BOURGUIBA (1958)



IN LEBANON WITH SAEB SALAM (1958)



IN JORDAN WITH KING HUSSEIN (1958)

BUREAUCRACY

By the Book

The first wave of Japanese bombers over Manila 17 years ago turned John Linehan from a civilian Navy employee into a fighter. Linehan rushed repairs on a destroyer, burrowed through bomb rubble for precious parts, on Christmas Day watched U.S. ships slip safely out to sea ahead of the invading Japanese. Then, with Manila in flames, Linehan himself slipped out of the doomed city and joined a guerrilla band.

In the steaming Philippine jungle, John Linehan spent three years dodging Japanese soldiers' bullets and harassing the enemy. The Japanese never hurt him, but the jungle did. Suffering beriberi, malaria and enteritis, he lost 80 lbs. By the time a U.S. sub evacuated Linehan, he had to be carried aboard.

From Brisbane, Australia, Linehan caught the transport *Monterey* for the U.S., spent 3½ days in San Francisco briefing U.S. intelligence, settled in California, and tried to forget his painful experiences. He has never had a chance to forget: 17 years later, onetime Guerrilla Linehan, now 61, is still being deviled by Government bureaucrats. Last week came an ultimatum from Washington: Linehan could either defend himself in court or fork over the \$554.89 that he owed the U.S. for his fare from Australia on a U.S.-owned troopship.

THE CONGRESS

The Four-Day Egg

Sweating out a steaming Washington summer and the last hours of the 85th Congress, the U.S. Senate began to feel the heat. Last week, while dozens of important bills awaited Capitol Hill attention, the Senate managed to waste a full day in noisy debate over the year's silliest issue. Cause of the feckless fight: a report that the Defense Department was subsidizing studies about what sort of surrender terms the U.S. should request when and if it gets conquered by Russia.

The "surrender" egg, originally hatched out of a St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* article, was set down in the slow incubator of the *Congressional Record* (along with two routine editorials on farm legislation) by Missouri's Democratic Senator Stuart Symington. The report stayed quietly warm for four days, then popped from its shell. Somehow, perhaps even by finally getting around to reading the *Record*, it came to the attention of Republican Senators. When the G.O.P. congressional leaders went to the White House for a legislative meeting with the President, they asked the Army's Dwight Eisenhower what all the surrender talk was about.

"I Have Never . . ." The result was dramatic. Old Soldier Eisenhower exploded. "Ridiculous!" cried he. "I know nothing about this—but I'll find out!" Marvelled Indiana's Senator Homer Capehart later: "I have never seen the President so angry."

President Eisenhower's quick anger swiftly communicated itself to the Pentagon, which found itself being turned inside out by buzzing brasshats trying to find out what all the shooting was about. They soon discovered that the original *Post-Dispatch* story had been vastly overblown, growing out of a highly theoretical study of the history and nature of national surrender, completely nonspecific as far as mention of the U.S. was concerned. It was inaugurated seven years before by the Rand Corp., a private research agency with Air Force contracts, and was finally published in book form last spring.

They'd Rather Die. Explanation quickly returned the White House pressure gauge to normal, but the Senate was



Associated Press
GEORGIA'S SENATOR RUSSELL
A debate on the year's silliest issue.

already under full steam. Georgia's Richard Russell, whose prestige as chairman of the Senate Armed Forces Committee had suffered during the battle for a Pentagon reorganization bill (*TIME*, July 28), saw a chance to regain ground. Russell introduced a rider to an appropriations bill that would forbid the Administration the right to undertake any study of surrender. U.S. citizens, cried Dick Russell, "would prefer to die on their feet in the event of a nuclear holocaust than to be making plans for living on their knees as the slaves of the masters of the Kremlin." The Senate shoved aside all real legislation, argued about Russell's amendment for hours, finally yelled it through.

Silly as it was, the great surrender flap caused thoughtful comment from at least one quarter. Wrote Columnist David Lawrence: "The key words [of the Rand study] are 'surrender politically,' and that's what many journalists and spokesmen for appeasement are unwittingly advocating nearly every day. They have ridiculed 'massive retaliation' . . . They have insisted that America must take the 'first blow' in a nuclear war."

Rush Hour

After House Republicans recently blocked a Democratic farm bill that called for high supports on corn, cotton and rice, Speaker Sam Rayburn angrily announced that no farm legislation would be forthcoming this session. Growled he: "We have been up and down this hill as many times as I care to go." But last week Mr. Sam was up the hill again, pushed there by political pressure from Southern planters, who knew that congressional failure to pass a farm bill would mean automatic cutbacks in next year's acreage allotments. The House, following Mr. Sam to the hilltop, last week passed a bill that 1) ends acreage controls on corn, provides a price-support floor of 65% of parity, subject to a farmers' referendum; 2) allows cotton farmers either 80% of parity with low-controlled acreage, or 65% with higher acreage, with a floor for all of about 27¢ a pound by 1962; 3) gradually cuts supports on rice to 65%. The Senate Agriculture Committee accepted the House bill, paved the way for quick passage before adjournment. Result: a crowning triumph for Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson.

Other action as Congress entered its closing days' rush:

¶ The Senate passed (72-18) a compromise reciprocal trade bill representing a major Eisenhower victory. The Senate originally voted a three-year extension of reciprocal trade and 15% tariff-cutting authority a year for the President. The House gave Ike what he sought, i.e., five years and up to 25%. The compromise bill provides four years, up to 20%.

¶ The Senate overrode (69-20) Ike's veto of a minor bill raising basic wages at the Kittery (Me.)-Portsmouth (N.H.) Naval Shipyard to a \$2.50-an-hour par with the Boston Naval Yard. The action marked the first time in six years that either congressional branch overrode an Eisenhower veto. Later, the House vote to override (202-180) was less than the necessary two-thirds, keeping intact the President's record of never having a vetoed bill passed into law.

¶ The House, after complicated wrangling, scheduled a vote this week on the Kennedy-Ives labor bill (which neither party likes). Speaker Rayburn set the vote to shift blame for inaction on the bill from Democratic shoulders to Republican, i.e., he would blame the G.O.P. when a motion to suspend rules and take up Kennedy-Ives failed (as expected) to carry a two-thirds vote. To keep blame where it is now, Republicans introduced a new labor bill, prepared to vote against Kennedy-Ives, figured the new bill was a better explanation for doing so.

¶ Indiana's caveman Senator William Jenner, in a gallery play, declared Indiana wanted no part of an aid-to-education bill under debate. Passing a bill authorizing \$1.5 billion to improve education in the sciences, the Senate also gladly adopted a Jenner amendment exempting Indiana from any benefits.

¶ Senate and House passed a tax law

that trims \$42 million in excise revenue, principally by lowering the admission tax on theater, movie, baseball and football tickets. Passed also: a tax bill that grants to small businessmen \$360 million in fringe-benefit reliefs, e.g., speedier depreciation on equipment.

¶ The House approved and sent to the White House a humane-slaughter bill (TIME, Aug. 11), which requires that cattle, sheep, hogs and horses, before being killed, must be rendered unconscious.

POLITICS

The Mesmerist

Harlem's handsome, husky Congressman Adam Clayton Powell Jr. talks more and does less about civil rights than anyone on Capitol Hill. In his 14 congressional years, he numbers his flamingly civil-righteous words in the hundreds of thousands, his headlines in the thousands—and his actual legislative achievements on the fingers of one flamboyantly waving hand. Yet Adam Powell is the living rebuttal to the notion that actions speak louder than words—and last week he proved it again. In his roughest political fight, bitterly opposed by Manhattan's Tammany Hall and New York's Democratic Governor Averell Harriman, the Rev. Adam Clayton Powell Jr. swamped Democratic primary opponent Earl Brown, a New York City councilman, by 14,837 to 4,935 votes, won certain re-election to the House.

"I Just Outgrew Her." Powell's secret of success lies in his gaudy person and personality, which seem to mesmerize Harlem's 75,000 eligible voters. Tall and trim (6 ft. 2 in., 193 lbs.), the descendant of slaves (at ten, he says, he traced with horror the brand on his grandfather's back), he has talked his way to wealth and influence, become the dashing symbol of all that his constituents would like to be. An ordained minister, he succeeded his father in the pulpit of Harlem's Abyssinian Baptist Church (9,943 congregants). Promptly turning the pulpit into a platform, he set about denouncing political rivals, rarely failing to kiss his female congregant-constituents as they filed past after his spellbinding sermons. Elected to the House in 1944, he kept piling up fame and fortune, acquired a powder-blue Mark V Jaguar, a destroyer-grey Nash-Healey, two boats, three posh homes, 20 winter suits, and in lawful succession, two wives. Wife No. 1 was a trim Cotton Club chorine, whom Powell divorced in 1945 ("I fear I just outgrew her"). Wife No. 2 is Jazz Pianist Hazel Scott, who spends most of her time in Paris these days, amid epidemic rumors of impending divorce.

On Capitol Hill, Powell would rate rock bottom on any list of Congressmen's Congressman. His absenteeism is monumental (last year's roll call attendance: 46%); he is noisy, obstructionist and, above all, ineffective. Last year, for example, he insisted on tacking a civil rights clause to the much-needed \$1.5 billion school construction bill. Powell knew he could never get the rider approved; he also knew that his intransigence would kill the bill—

which would have helped Harlem's schoolchildren as much as anyone in the U.S. It turned out just that way.

"Hired Hoodlums." To New York's Powell-weary Democratic organization, the breaking point came when Powell supported Dwight Eisenhower for President in 1956. Searching around for a Democratic candidate against the big man from Harlem, Tammany came upon Councilman Brown, whose civil rights performance surpasses his oratory, e.g., he is co-author of New York City's anti-discrimination housing law.

But Brown never really had a chance. From the beginning, Powell denounced him to cheering Harlem thousands as a "hand-picked Uncle Tom selected by the Tammany plantation bosses to work against his own people." On the weekend before election, Powell let out the

DEMOCRATS

Change of Course

Congressional Democrats had been aching for months to get back home and start pelting the Eisenhower Administration with a juicy collection of override campaign fruit: the "Eisenhower Recession," the "Pentagon Mess" that saw the U.S. lag behind Russia in technological progress, the "Vicuña Coat Case" involving White House Staff Chief Sherman Adams and influence-buying Boston Millionaire Bernard Goldfine. But last week, about ready to head for the hustings, Capitol Hill Democrats were dismayed to find that the rush of world events had drastically cut into their ammunition supply. Items:

¶ Signs of recession's end were so plentiful last week that the Federal Reserve



HARLEM WINNER POWELL ON ELECTION NIGHT
A reward for the most talk, the least do.

last demagogic stops. Regular Democratic election workers, he declared, had been ordered to wear rings with sharp cutting edges so as to destroy ballots for Powell. Cried Adam Powell: "If officials do not stop this influx of hired hoodlums, black and white, I hereby announce publicly that I will not be responsible in any way for what happens."

On election day, Tammany suffered its worst defeat since it opposed Vincent Impellitteri for mayor in 1950. Powell won both the Democratic and Republican nominations, leaving Brown in the political cellar with the Liberal Party's nomination. Even before the votes were counted, Powell demanded that Tammany's Harlem leaders resign, leaving him in complete, unchallenged control of a key vote bloc. The cost of Tammany's refusal, Powell made plain, would be his support of Democratic Governor Harriman in the November election. And in a close contest, Adam Powell's support could make all the difference.

Board allowed San Francisco's Federal Reserve Bank to raise its discount rate—the interest charged on loans to member banks—in a switch to a tighter-money policy to be extended to all Federal Reserve banks (see BUSINESS).

¶ The defense reorganization bill, pushed through a balky Congress by the Administration, was a solid step toward solving the Pentagon's problems. And the historic transpolar voyages of nuclear submarines *Nautilus* and *Skate* were sharp reminders —along with three satellites aloft, and a spectacular series of record performances by U.S. aircraft—that the nation is much farther along in technological progress than it seemed in the flap after Sputnik I.

¶ President Eisenhower's decision to send U.S. troops to Lebanon diverted public attention from the Adams-Goldfine affair —and boosted the President's popularity with the voters. The Gallup poll reported last week that 58% of voters questioned said they approve of the way the President is handling his job, only 27% said

they disapprove (15% had no opinion). Back in April a Gallup survey showed 49% approving, 35% disapproving.

The Democrats turned a brave face to their changed situation. "Our primary issue is the country's welfare, and we are happy that through the course of events some of the issues, which once seemed so important, are now in the process of disappearing," said Florida's George Smathers, chairman of the Senate Democratic Campaign Committee. But the shift of issues was plainly forcing the Democrats toward a change in campaign strategy. With most of the steam gone from some of their liveliest stumping topics, they began heading back to the course steered all along by Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson: booming the "responsible" Democratic Party, which has proved that it can work constructively with a Republican President. That was the same strategy that returned Democratic majorities to Congress both in 1954 and 1956.

INVESTIGATIONS

Hoffa's Hoodlums (Contd.)

The Senate investigation of Teamsters' President James Riddle Hoffa, most dangerous threat to U.S. society since Al Capone, began to look as though it might never end. Among last week's disclosures:

¶ During a 1953 House subcommittee hearing investigating Hoffa, Chairman Wint Smith, a Kansas Republican, was called from the room to answer the telephone, returned flustered, mysteriously called off the hearings. Last week onetime (1939-1942) Kansas Republican Governor Payne Ratner, a nervous, nose-grooming witness, partly explained what had happened. As Hoffa's attorney, he had visited Smith, used the leverage built up when Smith was state highway department counsel under Governor Ratner.

¶ As chairman of the Teamsters' Central Conference, Hoffa approved payment of \$114,719 in salaries for four Teamster officials serving prison sentences. Furthermore, over a four-year period he approved a staggering \$625,726 in legal fees for the defense of arrested Teamsters.

¶ A bitter 72-day Teamster strike in 1953 and 1954 against four Wichita, Kans. taxicab companies, marked by dynamitings and cab burnings, was settled finally when the Teamsters agreed to pay the cab companies \$15,000 if they forced drivers to join the union.

¶ In 1955 one of Hoffa's hoodlum business agents, Gus Zapas, forced Attorney David Probstin out as president of an Indianapolis cab company. Asked Committee Counsel Robert Kennedy of Betty Staretz, a former secretary in Probstin's office: "What did Zapas say to Probstin at that time?" Replied Witness Staretz:

"He said to get out—and he speaks very colorfully." Question: "Did Zapas say anything about killing him?" Answer: "Yes, but he used that expression like I would say 'Hello.'" After talking to Zapas, Probstin went to St. Louis on a "business trip." He has not been seen since.

Bernie's Blues

Charged by the House of Representatives last week with contempt of Congress in his refusal to answer 22 questions asked by the House Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight: Boston Millionaire Bernard Goldfine, 67, collector of New England politicians. Maximum penalty: one year in prison, \$22,000 in fines.

The lopsided House vote was 369 to 8 (all Republicans). Notably missing from the House debate: any mention of Goldfine's friend, White House Staff Chief Sherman Adams, whose intercession for Goldfine with federal agencies brought on the year's most dramatic congressional investigation (*TIME*, June 23 *et seq.*). Notably absent when the House voted: Massachusetts Democrat John McCormack, the House majority leader, a period piece in Goldfine's political collection.



George Smith—Fort Worth Star-Telegram
POLICE CHIEF COCKRELL
New heyday for hot-rodgers.

TEXAS

"I Hope He Dies"

Main Street in tiny Boyd, Texas (pop. 550) is two-lane, string-straight, smooth-paved—and ideal as a drag strip for the rambunctious local hot-rodgers, who went roaring through town at night, leaving empty beer cans and angry citizens in their wild wake. Finally, in October 1956, Boyd decided to stop the hot-rodgers by hiring cops for the first time. By last week, plainly convinced that the cure was worse than the disease, Boyd was a town full of cop haters.

Law came to Boyd, 28 miles north of Fort Worth, in the beefy person of hard-boiled Lee Cockrell, onetime stockyard worker and volunteer fireman, who was named chief of the town's three-man police force. Cockrell stopped the hot-rodgers all right. He wrote as many as 80 traffic tickets in one day, used his ever-ready blackjack on some fresh guys who

talked back. Indeed, some Boyds-men claimed Cockrell had clubbed them without any sort of cause. Perhaps, some townspeople began to think, the hot-rodgers had not been so bad after all.

Last week three Boyd youths took direct action. Armed with a shotgun and a .22-cal. pistol, they visited Cockrell's chief sponsor, Mayor Willie Berle Horn, told him: "You get rid of Cockrell, or we will. And you'll be next." Answering a Horn call, Cockrell caught up with the boys in a grove of trees at town's edge, where farmers park their trucks to sell watermelons. There, in a wildly confused tussle, the shooting started. While frightened farmers dived under their trucks, Cockrell fell, shot three times with .22-cal. bullets.

Seriously wounded, Cockrell was taken to a hospital in a neighboring town. And within minutes of the shooting, nearly half of Boyd's townspeople began gathering in a sullen, jeering crowd outside the town hall. Cried one voice: "I hope Cockrell dies." Cried another: "We sure won't miss him. He can stay gone." With such sentiment clearly prevailing, Main Street could start preparing for the nightly roar of the hot-rodgers.

AIR AGE

The Long Commute

Northeast Airlines Flight 258 left New York's La Guardia Airport at 10:30 p.m., its 31 passengers chafing at the two-hour delay already caused by lowering weather. Along with the usual vacationers were passengers who had locked up their office desks for the weekend, eaten hasty meals, packed their bags and hurried to make Flight 258 at its scheduled time. They had little time for delay; they were weekend aerial commuters, a modern phenomenon, traveling regularly from their work-week jobs in New York to their New England summer homes. Flight 258 wheeled northwesterly from La Guardia, headed toward Nantucket Island, only 68 air-minutes away.

Forty minutes off Nantucket, Pilot John Burnham, 37, checked for a weather report with Cape Cod's Otis Air Force Base. He got welcome word: visibility at the island was four miles, with scattered clouds at 12,000 ft. Burnham zeroed in on Nantucket—and ran into one of the island's murky flash fogs, rolling in from the sea with bewildering speed. Burnham, using Nantucket's Visual Omni Range beam, prepared for an instrument approach. But the fog thickened until even VOR was ineffectual. With its field socked in, Nantucket tried to warn the Convair by voice radio—and could not reach it. Flight 258 came in for its landing, flying low over scrub pines. It plowed into the ground 600 feet to the left of the runway. Dead when the wreckage was cleared were 23 of the 34 people aboard, including onetime (1950-53) Atomic Energy Commission Chairman Gordon Dean, 52, a senior vice president of General Dynamics Corp., a work-week summer bachelor, commuting weekends by air to Nantucket and his waiting wife.

ARMED FORCES

Triton & Skate

The unfettered fancy of Jules Verne never conjured up such a monstrous metallic whale. Verne's fictional *Nautilus*, 232 ft. long, could have nestled snugly in the belly of *Triton*, the eighth nuclear-powered submarine to join the U.S. fleet, scheduled for launching this week in the Thames River at Groton, Conn.

Triton is the largest submarine ever launched. She displaces 5,850 tons, measures 447½ ft. in length and 37 ft. at the beam, carries two nuclear reactors and a crew of 148, can make a zippy 30 surface knots. By comparison the *Nautilus*, first U.S. nuclear sub, displaces 2,980 tons, is 300 ft. long, has a 28-ft. beam, one reactor. The *Triton*, in fact, is not much smaller and slower than a light cruiser of the U.S.'s *San Diego* class.

Unlike her seven predatory sister subs, the triple-decked, \$109 million *Triton* is principally a submersible combat detection and information center, designed to move on the surface with a fast carrier task force, her radar combing the sea miles. If necessary, she can sink to the deeps for weeks on end, lying tirelessly off some hostile coast. Her twin reactors—each more powerful than the U.S.S. *Nautilus*' single reactor—give her an awesome range without refueling: 100,000 miles.

Beneath the Arctic ice last week for a several-weeks stay was the second U.S. submarine in eight days to take the short route to the North Pole: the nuclear-powered *Skate*. The first, *Nautilus*, ducked under the Pacific and emerged six days later in the Atlantic, mostly to prove it could be done. The *Skate*, skippered by young (37) Commander James Calvert, has popped up several times in ice gaps—within missile range of Russia. Traveling since then in expanding circles around



DEKE PARSONS (FRONT, FIFTH FROM LEFT) & CREW OF THE "ENOLA GAY"
He bobbed "Little Boy."

the top of the world, *Skate* returns next month to New London, Conn. By then, *Skate* will have gathered vital new information on the salinity, temperature gradient and crust thickness of the icebound Arctic Sea.

Five Fateful Hours

The eleven crewmen of the B-29 *Enola Gay* stood silently in the early-morning darkness, eyes fixed on a solemn, balding Navy captain with a staggering burden: two cans filled with 137.3 lbs. of uranium 235. At 0245 hours on Aug. 6, 1945, the *Enola Gay* lifted heavily from the long runway at Tinian. Within minutes, Captain William Sterling Parsons climbed into the stuffy bomb bay. Thus began five fateful hours in human history.

"Deke" Parsons, special care during those five hours was a mechanical marvel nicknamed "Little Boy." A vaguely cylindrical device, it measured 129 in. long, 31½ in. in diameter, weighed 9,700 lbs. Four antennas bristled from its tail; its tungsten-steel nose glistened; on its grey flanks were scrawled obscene greetings to Emperor Hirohito.

The *Enola Gay* bore northeast while Navyman Parsons worked, now straddling Little Boy, now lying on his back, now wriggling on his belly. He checked and closed Little Boy's complex circuits, tested the barometric switches. At 0330 the *Enola Gay* passed beyond Tinian's radio range.

Deke Parsons kept working. A top naval ordnance expert who had been with the Manhattan Project almost from its start, he sent current through Little Boy's test leads, watched calmly for the green monitor lights that told him Little Boy's mighty power was still in check. Fewer than 5 ft. of hollow shaft separated Little

Boy's two uranium masses. One mistake could have vaporized Deke Parsons, the eleven crewmen and the *Enola Gay*.

At 0730, after Parsons had cut the umbilical cord linking Little Boy and the *Enola Gay*, the bomb was "final"—a mighty instrument of war. Four minutes from the unsuspecting target city, Parsons threw the toggle switch that put Little Boy on its own battery power. At 0915 on that sunny August morning, Little Boy fell free, tail ticking. Four clocks, four barometric switches, four radar rigs inside Little Boy measured the fall. After 15 long seconds, Little Boy began listening for the faint echoes of its own radar signals to earth. On the 10th echo—800 ft. above the rooftops of Hiroshima—a powder charge sent one uranium mass bulleting through a hollow shaft into the other mass. In one fifteen-hundredth of a microsecond, fission began. In that dreadful instant a city died, and 70,000 of its inhabitants.

In the remaining years of his life, Navyman Parsons had little to say of his fateful five hours. The years were few. One December night in 1953 Rear Admiral Parsons waked with sharp chest pain. He slipped silently downstairs in his Washington home, picked out to read Volume XI of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, methodically turned to the section marked Heart. Diseases of the. It was too late for Deke Parsons (52); he collapsed and died next day.

This week, almost unnoticed against the splashy baptism of the nuclear-powered submarine named after a Greek god, the Navy prepared to launch a slim, 3,990-ton destroyer at the Ingalls Shipbuilding Yard in Pascagoula, Miss. The destroyer's name: *Parsons*, after the man who armed the first atom bomb dropped in war.



London Daily Express—Burchman
SKIPPER CALVERT
Duck, snorkel, pop.

FOREIGN NEWS

UNITED NATIONS

Elemental Force

In the space of 30 minutes last week, Dwight Eisenhower recaptured for the U.S. great tracts of lost diplomatic ground. Before the President made his U.N. speech (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), the U.S. had drifted into bootless "You're another" exchanges with Russia and Egypt—exchanges from which all parties emerged somewhat soiled. After Ike's speech the U.S. again stood clearly before the world, not as a spokesman for the Middle Eastern status quo, good or bad, but as a power devoted to orderly international evolution. In the process, the half-convincing Soviet picture of the U.S. and Britain as an "aggressor" in the Middle East was destroyed, and the General Assembly diverted from sterile argument to the more positive task of trying to find a remedy

The Value of Vagueness

If compromise is the essence of politics, the proceedings on the East River last week constituted a memorable display of the art. In the great hall where the General Assembly meets, in corridors, in the delegates' cocktail lounge and at lunch tables, some of the world's leading statesmen cautiously felt their way toward a formula that would allow everybody to emerge from the Mideast crisis with dignity intact.

The process began when Dwight Eisenhower, going beyond mere denunciation of "indirect aggression," advanced positive economic and political proposals. Scarcely had Ike finished speaking, when the Soviet Union gingerly followed the U.S. lead. Explained one U.S. diplomat: "The Soviets are washed up in the Security Council. They know they've got to

today, if you please—I repeat, even today—we are prepared to enter into any sort of consultations with any delegations, including those of the U.S. and the United Kingdom." (He did not say that U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles had sought Gromyko out for a private cast the night before.)

Psychoneurosis Must Go! But then the Arabs were heard from. On the second day of the General Assembly debate, new Jordanian Delegate Abdul Monem Rifai, brother to Jordanian Premier Samir el Rifai, did his best to pull the rug out from under one of the essential elements in any Middle East settlement. Jordan, declared Rifai, was flatly opposed to "the dispatch of U.N. forces or U.N. observers to be stationed on Jordan territory." But since young King Hussein's government would almost surely collapse overnight without foreign support, the question of



EGYPTIANS & RUSSIANS Huddle at the U.N.*
"The Arabs are determined to be lord and master..."

Ira Rosenberg—N.Y. Herald Tribune

for the conditions that had prompted the landings in Lebanon and Jordan.

These were substantial accomplishments, for the image of itself that the U.S. puts before the world matters. But the problems of the Middle East—including the most crucial immediate one of how to get British troops out of Jordan without leaving behind chaos, a Nasser take-over or an Israeli-Arab war—were as far from solution as ever.

The chief difficulty of the U.S. proposals was that they rested on the assumption that a rational and moderate Arab nationalism exists, and only needs encouragement. It may exist, but it is not in control, and so long as incitements to assassination and prodding of hatreds and fears "work" better for Nasser, there was still little in Arab nationalism for the U.S., the U.N. or anyone else to latch onto. A subterranean current of passion and unrest, which might be dammed and might be diverted but cannot be stopped, is still the elemental force in the Middle East.

woo the General Assembly to get anywhere in the U.N., and they have wisely up to the fact that sweet reasonableness may get them farther."

To peddle Moscow's brand of sweet reasonableness, however, the Kremlin bosses sent glum, wooden-faced Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, whom a Western diplomat last week happily characterized as "the least attractive, least persuasive diplomat they have." In his gravelly tones Gromyko ran through a predictable catalogue of invective—"oil, oil and oil again; that was the thing which was tempting the monopolies of the U.S. and the United Kingdom"—and introduced a resolution demanding that the U.S. and Britain withdraw their troops from Lebanon and Jordan "without delay." But Gromyko closed on what from him—or any other Russian—was a surprisingly conciliatory note. Russia, he insisted, was less interested in getting her own resolution passed than in finding "a mutually acceptable formula." Said he: "Even

U.N. troops instead of British troops really depended on how determined the British were to get out of Jordan as fast as possible.

It was less easy to dismiss the venom spewed forth next day by Saudi Arabia's Ahmed Shukairy. Speaking for the Arab princes who live on the royalties from U.S. oil companies, Shukairy exhorted the Western powers to get out of the Middle East and stay out.

"The Arabs are determined to be lord and master of their homeland, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Arabian Gulf," shrieked Shukairy. "There must be a rushing consent to Arab aspirations before they are achieved without consent. This psychoneurotic complex of hating President Nasser should be extracted from Western thinking." The ferocity of his

* Left to right: United Arab Republic Delegate Omar Luthi, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, U.A.R. Foreign Minister Mahmoud Fawzi, Soviet Delegate Arkady Sobolev, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister Valerian Zorin.

language might have been intended to convey verbal loyalty to Nasser and Arab nationalism while concealing Saudi Arabia's unwillingness to pool its \$300 million-a-year income with its Arab brothers. As he put it, "Oil, our oil, is not a political commodity of international concern."

"Only Slightly Abusive." In Europe President Eisenhower's speech received generally good notices and in some cases enthusiastic applause. In Britain the liberal *Manchester Guardian* called Ike's proposals "a hopeful development." Italy's non-Communist papers hailed them as "noble and generous," smugly hinted that the President had got many of his ideas from Italian Premier Amintore Fanfani during Fanfani's recent visit to Washington. In Norway a government spokesman thought the U.S. program might prove "as beneficial as the Marshall Plan."

Trouble was that European enthusiasm found few echoes among the Arabs themselves; they might not have found much to resent, but still they would not cheer. Lebanon's usually pro-Western *Al-Jarida* complained that Ike had not addressed himself to "the basic problem of the Arab world"—Israel. The most hopeful thing a New York *Times* correspondent could find to say about Egyptian press comment was that it was "only slightly abusive."

The Special Interests. If Ike's long-range economic and political proposals got a slow welcome, the U.N. General Assembly could scarcely adjourn without working out a resolution that at least attempted to ease the pressing problems of Lebanon and Jordan. And here the problem was not only the Arabs, but a variety of special national interests in the 81-nation General Assembly:

¶ The Russians were sounding conciliatory in hopes of mustering a two-thirds majority for a resolution sufficiently ambiguous to be cited later as proof that the U.N. "ordered" the U.S. and Britain out of Lebanon and Jordan.

¶ The Latin Americans, although sympathetic to the U.S. position, were not willing to support any resolution that clearly implied U.S. intervention in Lebanon was justified because it had been requested by Lebanese President Camille Chamoun. The reason: fear that this would establish a precedent that might someday be used to justify U.S. intervention on behalf of the established government in Latin American revolutions.

¶ Israel, unconvinced that U.N. support alone could keep Hussein on his throne, was plugging for a great-power guarantee of all existing Mideast frontiers. If Russia wished to be a Middle East power, let it be made to guarantee Israeli as well as Arab borders.

¶ India flatly opposed dispatch of U.N. troops to Lebanon and Jordan. One reason: India wants no precedents established for sending blue-and-white-helmeted U.N. forces into disputed Kashmir.

Food for the Poets. Beating their way through this thicket of conflicting interests, the movers and shakers of the Gen-



LEVANTINE RUG PEDDLER & DEPARTING U.S. MARINES
"Dear, sweet Jimmy Boy Nasser, a curse be upon you."

Associated Press

eral Assembly were steadily working their way toward a resolution as bland as porridge. At week's end the compromise most likely to succeed appeared to be a Norwegian resolution that—in suitably vague terms—would authorize U.N. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld to "make the U.N. presence felt" in Lebanon and Jordan as a prelude to withdrawal of U.S. and British forces.

To judge by the Suez crisis, if Hammarskjöld succeeds in damping down the Lebanese and Jordanian crises enough to warrant U.S. and British withdrawal, Arab poets a year hence will be writing songs in praise of the heroic Lebanese and Jordanian patriots who fearlessly drove the Western imperialists into the sea.

MIDDLE EAST Sounds in a Summer Night

As persistent as the summer drone of cicadas was the endless, repetitive caterwauling of radio voices throughout the Arab world last week. The clandestine Jordan People's Radio (which actually broadcasts from Syria) railed at King Hussein and his men: "The Jordanian people will reply to you with ropes; they will hang you on poles and watch your rotten bodies swing!" Baghdad Radio tried to spread infection to Iran with a Persian-language broadcast: "Dear compatriots, shake off the dust of humiliation and misery. Today all freedom-loving peoples have revolted against imperialism." Radio Cairo wooed the Sudan; the "Voice of Free Lebanon" (which uses the same Syrian transmitter and wave length as the Jordan People's Radio) called anew for the removal of "crazy" President Chamoun, and threatened the U.S. forces with "catastrophic consequences."

In Cairo, fountain of most of this hate, Egyptian officials hotly complained that half a dozen secret radio stations

now "attack President Nasser personally in round-the-clock propaganda assaults." Pressed for a sample broadcast from the clandestine stations (located, say the Egyptians, on the French Riviera, in Jordan, Lebanon, British Aden, Cyprus and Kenya), the officials produced the following: "Nasser is a criminal who forcibly became the leader of his country. Nasser's gangs are never successful except in destruction, ruin and bankruptcy. Dear, sweet Jimmy Boy Nasser, a curse be upon you, a plague be upon you and all your household!"

The constant exchange of radio invective, the ceaseless calls to arms fell upon Arab nerves already raw from poverty, humiliation, despair. In Lebanon, occasional bombs still went off, and 1,700 glad-to-be-gone U.S. marines left their fly-ridden bivouac in the dusty hills above Beirut and marched down to the beach for evacuation. There were hints that another marine battalion would shortly be withdrawn from Lebanon to the "floating reserve" of the Sixth Fleet.

In Iraq and Jordan, both governments were busy with trials of opposition leaders. The Iraqis rounded up 108 supporters of the deposed regime of murdered King Feisal and Nuri as-Said. The first defendant, Major General Ghazi Daghestani, predictably "confessed" that he had been involved in a plot with the U.S. and Britain to "overthrow" the Syrian government in 1956.

In Jordan, 13 of 27 gunrunners were sentenced to be hanged (though privately this time, to spare the sensibilities of the British left), and the trial began of four young men and an Arab Christian girl charged with bomb throwing. Nonetheless, King Hussein was feeling secure enough to order the release of 50 army officers who had been held on suspicion of disloyalty. Not to be outdone, Israel announced it had uncovered "the

biggest spy ring ever discovered" with the arrest of twelve Israeli Arabs who were working under the direction of Syrian military intelligence.

Syria, after more than six months of Nasser's rule by remote control, found its economy shakier than before. To quiet dissatisfied Syrian businessmen, Nasser allowed Syria a separate budget, vetoed some of his planners' grandiose schemes and ordered a cut in armaments. Unhappy Syrian officers reportedly flung their caps on the table, the traditional gesture of threatening to resign from the army if they do not have their way. More agreeable to Nasser was his three-day meeting with Crown Prince Feisal, Premier of oil-rich Saudi Arabia, who announced that "clouds between the two countries have now been cleared off."

Through the hot summer nights the radio voices continued to shrill defiance in accents as arresting as those of a muezzin calling the faithful to prayer from a minaret, with words as incendiary as a skyful of fire bombs. Nasser's propagandists were sure that they had the edge. Mused one contentedly: "Our radio is so successful because any Arab anywhere in the Arab world can simply turn the knob and hear the echo of thoughts that fill his own heart."

DISARMAMENT

Spirit of Geneva, 1958

For the 40-odd scientists of East and West meeting in Geneva, the outside circle of events rarely interrupted their scholarly labors. Iraq erupted. British and U.S. troops landed. Khrushchev cried that war was about to break out. But in Council Chamber No. 7 at the old League of Nations Palace, Russian and Western negotiators each day made their inch of progress toward agreeing on an international plan for detecting atomic tests. Last week, despite uncommunicative two-line communiques, final agreement was reportedly all but reached.

The Communists had first threatened to boycott the conference unless the West agreed beforehand to stop its tests, but when soft-spoken James B. Fisk, executive vice president of Bell Telephone Laboratories, announced that the U.S. would show up anyway, the Communists decided to let their scientists go too. One of Gromyko's top aides, Semyon Tsarapkin, kept a beady eye on things, but the top Soviet scientist, jovial Evgeny Fedorov, turned out on occasion to be freer to make decisions without consulting home than the Westerners (including scientists from Britain, France and Canada). After seven weeks' discussion, the scientists had settled on the value of four main methods of nuclear detection:

❑ The acoustic method, suited for any kind of blast except for those set off underground or in outer space. With sensitive microbarometers and hydrophones, observation posts could pick up the low-frequency sound waves that fan out for thousands of miles after every nuclear explosion. Unfortunately, the sound waves

are subject to distortion by such natural upheavals as volcanic eruptions, meteorites, landslides and even thunder.

❑ Collection of Radioactive debris that can travel up to 1,200 miles a day at a height of 40,000 ft. Touchy about having air patrols over their territory, the Russian scientists at first balked at the idea of using planes, insisted that collection must wait until the debris could be gathered on the ground. Eventually, the scientists agreed on the right to use both methods. Debris is no help in measuring fallout caused by explosions in space.

❑ Electromagnetic radiation. Control posts, equipped with photocells and low-frequency radio receivers could pick up the X rays and ultraviolet rays that turn into light and radio waves after an explosion. They could even pick up the light pulses resulting from a blast in space.

❑ The seismic method, which with astonishing accuracy has already detected the size and location of underground explosions thousands of miles away. Main drawback: seismographs cannot always distinguish between a nuclear blast and an earthquake, though differences between them are now being studied.

Having decided on these various methods, the scientists turned to touchier problems. The Russians wanted only 110 control posts, the West 650. At week's end, after small private sessions (in English) with all translators and typists excluded, both sides seemed ready to compromise on 170. Other problems included whether the inspection posts should be fixed, as the Russians wanted, or whether inspectors should be free to move about, and whether inspectors should be members of the country involved, plus one neu-

tral observer. These were ruled to be political questions, outside the scope of the conference.

For the West, the main accomplishment of the conference was that the Communists had at least in theory accepted the feasibility of inspection. But the Russians often carefully explore issues technically, only to reject them on political grounds. For the Communists, the big gain was that, once a policy of inspection was agreed upon, they could argue that it should be easy to reach agreement on the suspension of testing, and the U.S., Britain and France would be under increased pressure to stop tests. But the scientists at Geneva, who have even thawed some at two joint cocktail parties, hoped that the world had come a step closer to a practical discussion of disarmament.

RUSSIA

Man in a Hurry

The great reinforced concrete dam at Kuibyshev stretches nearly three-fourths of a mile across the mighty Volga River. Behind it lies an artificial reservoir 1½ times the size of Great Salt Lake. In its construction, 6.5 billion cu. ft. of earth was excavated—more than was dug out in the building of the Panama Canal. The huge, pale grey power station housing the 10 turbines is 2,000 ft. long, 200 ft. high—twice as large in volume as the gingerbread skyscraper of Moscow University, the tallest building in Russia.

Russians by the thousands crowded the site of Kuibyshev dam last week for the opening of the power station. There were brass bands and the Volga People's Choir, flags and gigantic pictures of Lenin and Nikita Khrushchev. As Party Boss Khrushchev stepped jauntily forward and cut the ribbon stretched across the lock gates, he beamed a toothy smile at cheering excursionists aboard the motorship *Dmitry Pozharsky*, the first vessel to pass through the locks. He moved on to the engine room of Turbine No. 17 and pulled the handle of the automatic starter. As the turbine began to rotate, sending the first current into the network, Nikita embraced and kissed Electric Welder Aleksei Ulesov, who had just been named a "Hero of Socialist Labor" for the second time.

Victory. But . . . Moving with the rubber-ball energy of a nimble fat man, Khrushchev mounted the red-draped platform opposite the power station. "Dear Comrades!" he cried, and launched into the usual speech of glowing praise. For writing "a glorious new page," the workers were decorated collectively, then and there, with the Order of Lenin. Reminding them that their handiwork was "the largest hydropower station in the world," Khrushchev boasted that "the Americans took over 20 years to build their largest hydropower station, Grand Coulee,"* while "our Soviet workers" needed only



FEDOROV & "ADVISED" TSARAPKIN
Agreement with the West?

* Grand Coulee was begun in 1933, completed eight years later. As the need for power increased, additional turbines and powerhouses were installed as required.

seven years for Kuibyshev. "That, comrades, is an outstanding victory!" On the platform with Nikita, the engineers of Kuibyshev beamed at one another; the local party bosses and the chiefs of the Ministry of Electric Power Stations exchanged contented glances.

Then Khrushchev let them have it. Kuibyshev was a wonderful achievement, he repeated, but was it the best way to create electricity? A hydropower station took from seven to ten years to build. But thermal power stations, using natural gas or low-grade coal, could be run up in three years or less. And the "point at issue," cried Nikita, is to win time "in the competition with capitalism, to catch up with and outstrip the United States in the per capita output of the population."

Progress Later. Tersely, Khrushchev ordered work suspended on such vast hydropower plants as Saratov and Krasnoyarsk in Siberia. Old-fashioned thermal power, he admitted, would cost more in the long run than hydropower, but it did not require so great an immediate capital outlay, and thus more money could be poured into "industrial and agricultural mechanization." What Nikita failed to mention was that the monumental hydropower stations were a pet scheme of Stalin's and ran counter to Khrushchev's own pet theory of "decentralization." When would the Soviet Union return to harnessing its water resources to the creation of electricity? Answered Khrushchev: "In our peaceful competition with the capitalist countries, we must gain ten to 15 years. When we have won, and have developed our industry even further, then we will be able to allocate the money needed for hydropower stations."

The Stardom Sickness

With the possible exception of the men who make the Sputniks and a few favored fiddlers, pianists and composers, no one in the Soviet Union enjoys a more enviable lot than the men and women who break sports records. They are pampered and idolized, and, considering their perquisites, they are amateurs only by courtesy. How they behaved outside the stadiums hardly mattered so long as they continued to chalk up a satisfactory quota of victories inside. But last week, as the European championship track and field meet was about to start in Stockholm, Russia's favored athletes found themselves in an unfamiliar kind of trouble.

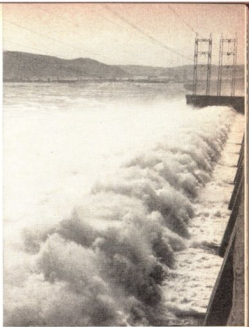
When Shotputters Galina Zybina and Tamara Tyshkevich, miffed at losing the U.S.S.R. championship to a comparative newcomer, refused to accept their second- and third-prize medals by her side, they were stripped of their right ever to receive the medals, and the elder Zybina was barred from the trip to Stockholm (TIME, Aug. 18). Also barred was Nina Ponomareva, the hefty discus thrower who was

* As a further step in decentralization, Khrushchev last week demoted his ex-fellow traveler, former Premier Nikolai Bulganin, once again. The B. of B. and K. lost his job as head of the Soviet State Bank and was transferred to a provincial post in the remote northern Caucasus.



PREMIER KHRUSHCHEV

The glorious new page will have to be rewritten.



Howard Sochurek—LIFE

KUIBYSHEV SPILLWAY

caught shoplifting in London two years ago. A sort of Maria Callas in a track suit, Nina had made her outbursts of temperament famous. She was accused of being "egotistical and uncomradely." All this was part of a stern new government campaign to eradicate a disease called "The Stardom Sickness."

"Don't Make a Fuss!" The most conspicuous case of stardom sickness recently befell Edouard Streltsov, darling of Moscow's soccer fans. When Edouard hit the big time in 1955 as center forward on the "Torpedo" team of the Moscow Likhachev (formerly Stalin) Auto Plant, he was a clear-eyed, husky youth of 17. But then his sporting instincts turned to women and wine.

After a few drinks, he liked to smash furniture and crockery. Once he invaded the apartment of a complete stranger and began breaking up everything in sight. When the police picked him up, his sponsors at the auto works telephoned in desperation: "Do you know whom you've arrested? Streltsov, our best footballer! For heaven's sake, don't make a fuss!" The plant even gave him a luxury apartment after he had tossed his wife and infant into the street, and the Moscow City Economic Council continued to shower him with bonuses. Edouard loved the high life. "I've tried everything, achieved everything, seen everything," he boasted. "I've even eaten salads that cost 87 rubles and 50 kopeks."

"You Worked Where?" His mother was no help. Once when he was in the hospital and forbidden to drink, he lowered a rope of bandages down to her, and she tied on two bottles of vodka for him. In the name of victory, his bosses put up with everything until last spring he raped a girl named Tamara. Tamara refused to be bribed into silence, and the case wound up in court. There, keeping his face turned away from the public, a ruined Edouard

sobbed out his answers: "You worked where?" "In the committee of the Likhachev Auto Plant." "In what capacity?" "I played soccer." His sentence: twelve years at hard labor.

DISASTERS

Riders to the Sea

To the people of the isles and headlands of the west coast of Ireland, where giant Atlantic combers thunder at the base of eroded cliffs, the ocean is an enemy. Many a fisherman has come back to port wrapped "in the half of a red sail, and the water dripping out of it."

In Galway black-shawled women last week knelt on the grey cobblestones telling their beads. The men stood by in silence, their weathered faces turned to the driving rain, as the black-and-red-hulled French trawler, *Jules Verne*, steamed slowly into harbor, its flag at half-mast. Only the tolling of bells, the slopping sound of water against pilings, the bitter wind singing in the telegraph wires broke the silence as the first bodies were brought ashore. They were wrapped, not in half a red sail, but in blue blankets and blue plastic shrouds, and Monsignor George Quinn whispered the prayers for the dead over each of them. Mourned a woman in the crowd: "Three of my own were brought back the same way. May God and his Holy Mother have mercy on their souls."

Off at Dawn. The night before, KLM Flight 607E, a two-month-old Super Constellation en route from Amsterdam to New York, had put down at Shannon Airport, and its passengers had trooped into the lounges and duty-free shops to sip Irish coffee, have a last buying spree, scribble a few final postcards. On board the economy flight when it took to the air again were its crew of eight and 91 passengers, including three babies in arms,

a honeymoon couple, 13 members of the Church of the Brethren from Lancaster County, Pa., three Polish immigrants to the U.S., an Israeli and his wife on the way to see their American grandchildren in The Bronx and six swordsmen of the Egyptian fencing team bound for an international meet in Philadelphia.

Thirty-five minutes after take-off at 4:05 a.m., Flight 607E radioed a routine report that it was about 100 miles out over the Atlantic. When a next report, due every 5° of longitude, did not come in, a "phase of uncertainty" was declared, during which all stations and planes were urged to look and listen for the plane. Half an hour later, an emergency was declared. Ten hours passed before an R.A.F. Coastal Command plane, scouring the sea some 40 minutes out from the Irish coast, spotted traces of oil. Coming down to 100 ft., the pilot saw the dreadful midden of disaster: partly inflated rubber life rafts, remnants of cabin furnishings, handbags, bodies, floating luggage.

To the Rescue. Ships of all sorts and all nations converged on the scene. The Irish ferryboat, *Naomh Eanna*, put ashore 300 holiday excursionists at Galway and headed out into the Atlantic. A Canadian destroyer and an Irish corvette turned their prow to the disaster area. The *Jules Verne* radioed: "We now have aboard eleven bodies: seven women, two men, a little girl and a little boy."

No one could say what force had hurled the Constellation to its death, although burns on the recovered bodies and metal fragments embedded in some suggested an explosion before the plane hit the sea. Only one little boy wore a life jacket, perhaps at the urging of an anxious parent. Flyers at Shannon speculated that a propeller might have sheared off, plowed into the packed cabin and perhaps ignited the fuel tanks which had been filled to capacity before take-off.

ALBANIA

The Man Who Was King

In the rough, gaudy amusement quarter of Hamburg known as Sankt Pauli, where anything goes, one of the quieter attractions—but a good one—was white-thatched, bushy-mustached Otto Witte, a lifelong circus performer who made his first public appearance as a lion tamer at the age of eight. All Otto had to offer was stories, but it was a blase man indeed who could walk away from Otto's tales of how his skill at magic won him the honorary chieftainship of an African Pygmy tribe, or of the time that he tried to elope with the Emperor of Ethiopia's daughter.

But sooner or later, Otto's monologues always turned to the greatest coup of his career—the days of his kingship. Early in 1913, in the confusing days of the Balkan wars, he was traveling through the Balkans with a small circus, doubling as sword swallower and magician. Albania had just proclaimed its independence of the Ottoman Empire. While the great powers sought a European princeling to head the new state, some Albanian Mos-

lems had their heart set on Prince Halim Eddine, a kinsman of the Turkish Sultan.

One of his fellow circus performers noticed that Otto Witte bore a striking resemblance to Halim Eddine, and then and there the whole beautiful scheme sprang full-blown to Otto's mind. In no time at all a pair of telegrams, purportedly originating in Constantinople, were on their way to Essad Pasha, Albanian-born commander of Turkish forces in the Durazzo area. One telegram was signed "Sultan" and the other "High Command," but both carried the same news: "Prince Halim Eddine arriving Albania, will assume command all troops stationed there."

The Five-Day Wonder. A few days later, Otto Witte rode into Durazzo, resplendent in fancy-dress uniform and



UPI

OTTO I
He gave Hindenburg his chance.

medals. The entire population of the city turned out to cheer him. Graciously, Otto greeted his adherents, then ordered Essad Pasha to assemble his forces for a campaign "to conquer Belgrade." This, Otto would recall with a grin, so delighted the local military that they promptly expressed the intention of proclaiming him King of Albania. Soberly, "Prince Halim Eddine" agreed to mount the throne. His title: King Otto I.

For five days all went well. With royal mien, King Otto accepted professions of loyalty from the troops "and from 25 harem girls as well." To consolidate his rule, he ordered an amnesty for all Albanian jailbirds, made lavish distributions of gold among the local chieftains. (To this day, one former foreign consul in Albania argues that no mere circus performer ever had that much money to spend, remains convinced that Otto was

acting as an agent of the Austro-Hungarian government.) Then, genuine telegrams began to pour in from Constantinople. "It was a shame," Otto used to tell his admirers. "I would have established a fine, wise government." But "to avoid unnecessary bloodshed" (his own), Otto slipped quietly out of town.

Printed Proof. Intoxicated by his brief taste of glory, Witte went back to Germany, and after World War I formed a "Party of Artisans, Café Keepers and Circus Performers." He himself became its candidate for President of Germany, but withdrew from the race "to give Field Marshal von Hindenburg a chance." To any doubters among those who gathered daily around his house trailer in Sankt Pauli, Otto Witte would produce his official identity card issued by the Berlin police, stating that its holder was "a circus entertainer" and "onetime King of Albania." He refused to accept any mail that was not properly addressed to "Otto I, ex-King of Albania."

Last week Otto Witte, 87, onetime King, died of cirrhosis of the liver in a Hamburg home for the aged.

FRANCE

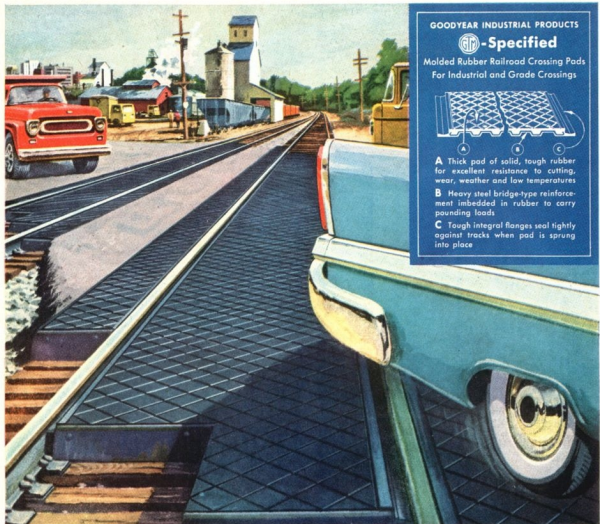
Selling the Constitution

In all France no paper save the Communist *L'Humanité* has denounced Premier Charles de Gaulle more outspokenly than Paris' frisky young *L'Express*. But looking on at the 39 old parliamentarians who were studying De Gaulle's proposed new constitution, *L'Express* sighed: "To see again these men and their methods, to have looked at them for the last time at work, gives one a desire to scream 'yes' to any new regime, to any constitution, provided it changes things."

Discontent with the past, as much as concern for the future, underlay France's passive acceptance of De Gaulle's severe formulas. Last week the special parliamentary commission meekly approved De Gaulle's proposed new constitution by a vote of 30-0 (with nine abstentions and absences), even though it spelled the end of parliamentary ascendancy.

To be sure, the commission had a few changes to suggest. On controversial Article XIV, it proposed that the Constitutional Council pass on the President of France's right to assume dictatorial powers whenever, in his judgment, national security was gravely threatened. The parliamentary commission also thought too harsh De Gaulle's implied ruling (*TIME*, Aug. 18) that any overseas territory casting a majority vote against the new constitution in next month's referendum would be considered to have voted itself clean out of the French Union. Instead, they proposed that, in such a case, the territorial assembly be allowed to decide whether or not to hold a second, local referendum on the specific issue of independence.

Of, By & For. De Gaulle's new constitution begins with words from the constitution of the old Fourth Republic: "France is a Republic, indivisible, secular,



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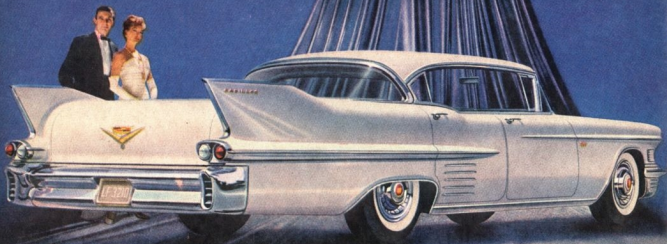
beauty. To drive it is to command the finest in performance. And to own it is to enjoy the most rewarding of possessions. This is a wonderful time to do all three—and to learn about each of Cadillac's Fleetwood-crafted models, including the Eldorado Brougham.

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democratic and social." It continues with the echoing phrase, "of the people, by the people, for the people." Minister of Justice Michel Debré, who had a big hand in writing the new constitution, denies that De Gaulle opposes a democratic Parliament. Says he: "French democracy threatened to perish because Parliament was also the government, the administration, and even sought to administer justice. The role of a Parliament is not to govern. It is to vote laws and the budget and to be the final recourse of sovereignty and liberty."

Creating the Myth. Experts in Paris expect the new De Gaulle constitution to get 60% to 65% of the vote in the Sept. 28 referendum, for which 45 million people (including 18 million residents of Algeria and the overseas territories) are already registered. Like shrewd politicians anywhere, De Gaulle and his aides are taking no chances. In Algeria the army is already hard at work on psychologically preparing the voters. ("To condition the Moslem populace, one has to create a De Gaulle myth," declares a recently published directive of the south Algerian military zone. "The picture of the general must appear everywhere.")

In France itself, where the republican tradition is particularly strong in the southwest, the Gaullist campaign is largely in the hands of tough Information Minister Jacques Soustelle, who has launched a series of radio, TV and newsreel presentations to explain the proposed constitution. To ensure that his message does not get garbled in transmission, Soustelle has already replaced some ten key members of the government-run Radio-Télévision Française. Increasingly, French radio, television and newsreels are becoming sycophantic in praise of De Gaulle. When a parliamentary committee accused Soustelle of imposing on France "unilateral and partial information," ex-Marxist Soustelle's brushoff reply to this accusation recalled to *Figaro* Soustelle's youthful training in Communist dialectic.

But the No. 1 salesman of the new way is the general himself—proud, dedicated, remote, positive, full of paternal silences and prestigious mysteries. This week he is off on a 14,000-mile jet tour of Madagascar, Equatorial and West Africa, to sell a simple yes response to his package that with one word will commit all Frenchmen, whatever their questions and reservations, to the course he has set for them.

TANGANYIKA

"Look What We Can Do!"

Rising a majestic 19,565 feet into the clouds from the hot and dry plains of Tanganyika is snow-capped Kilimanjaro—the Mountain of Brightness in Swahili, a Hemingway setting to U.S. readers, the Seat of God to the Chagga tribesmen who live upon its lower slopes. Chagga legend has it that the great god Ruwa liberated mankind by smashing a vessel in which the first humans were imprisoned and scattering them over the mountainside. Actually, the 360,000 people of Chagga-land are a mixture of many tribes who for

some five centuries have dwelt among Kilimanjaro's deep ravines and lived by their wits. Their wits have brought them far. Last week the European tourists who panted up the mountain behind studiously nonchalant guides found themselves in a country that is mostly Christian, and brims with more promise and progress than almost any land in Africa.

The Masters. The Chagga saga began in 1932 when, with the permission of the British, African coffee growers banded together to found the spectacularly successful Kilimanjaro Native Cooperative Union. In the 26 years since, KNCU, the largest purely native commercial enterprise in colonial Africa, has boosted the Chagga from a tribe barely subsisting to a well-fed people with cash in their pockets. Each year, through their union, the Chagga market a \$6,000,000 to \$8,000,000 coffee crop. They own and operate a modern



Curtis Frensdorff

KING TOM
A remarkable statesman.

restaurant and hotel (The Coffee Tree Hostelry, with a balcony for every room), publish their own biweekly newspaper, run their own schools and hospitals. Most important: the Chagga are their own masters. In their land, it is the whites who work as teachers and advisers for the blacks.

KNCU's five-story headquarters in the town of Moshi is in itself a symbol of the Chagga's progress. Built around a flowering courtyard of bougainvillea and poinsettia, it not only houses offices and auction rooms, but also one of Tanganyika's few public libraries. Soon KNCU hopes to build a \$15,000 community center for plays, concerts, art and agricultural exhibits.

The Leopard & the Monkey. In 1951 the Chagga chose as their Paramount Chief Thomas Lenana Mlangi Marealle, 43, well-educated (Cambridge and the London School of Economics) grandson of a chief who ruled during the years be-

fore World War I when Tanganyika was a German protectorate. To his own people, Marealle II is known as Mangi Mkuu (Great Chief), to the whites of Tanganyika, he is King Tom. But by whatever name he is known, he is one of Africa's most remarkable statesmen. He runs his country through a hierarchy of elected and hereditary councils which are topped by the supreme Chagga Council of 50 members. Each year the council puts \$120,000 into education and \$50,000 into public health. It operates 19 primary schools, 17 dispensaries and six maternity clinics. It has made elementary education compulsory, and by now, of Chagga-land's 36,000 school-age children, 33,000 are attending classes.

When the council meets, Marealle appears before it dressed in his coronation robes of leopard skins (for sovereignty) and colobus monkey skins (for gentleness). Otherwise, he wears Western suits and sports jackets, works from early morning to late at night like the efficient and overburdened executive that he is. A Lutheran, he discourages such superstitions as the pouring of the year's first bit of pombe (beer) as a drink for Ruwa, or of the ceremonious spitting towards Kilimanjaro at dawn. But while uprooting superstition, he has been careful to keep the tribal spirit alive.

First: Order. He adopted a tribal flag, set up a Chagga trust to preserve traditions, commissioned an Oxford scholar to write the Chagga's history. To rabid Pan-African nationalists, this sort of thing is most disturbing, for Marealle's tribal consciousness, as well as his affection for the British crown, are taken as signs of shameful backwardness. Actually, Marealle is no less eager for independence than anyone. But, says he, "self-government is a thing to come when all other things are in order." The accomplishments of the Chagga, he believes, will do more for the nationalist cause than any amount of ranting and agitation. "We're making it possible for the nationalists to say: 'Look what we can do!'"

CYPRUS

Half Speed Ahead

Prime Minister Harold Macmillan touched all the bases—Greece, Turkey, Cyprus—in his spur-of-the-moment trip to the Mediterranean. Back at 10 Downing Street last week, he swiftly announced that he was going ahead with a "modified" plan for Cyprus.

The modifications were all designed to temper Greek objections to any plan that might draw Turkey into governing the island, or lead to an eventual partitioning of the island between Turk and Greek Cypriots. In revising his plan, Macmillan 1) deferred his proposal for dual citizenship for Greek Cypriots and Turkish Cypriots; 2) established separate municipal

Where he inspected his old World War I regiment, the Grenadier Guards, "the finest regiment in the brigade." The other regiments in the Brigade of Foot Guards: Coldstream, Scots, Irish and Welsh.



"DYING HOUSE" CLIENTS IN SINGAPORE
The wealthy get jet transport.

councils and houses of representatives for Greek and Turkish Cypriots, but hoped that in the future some all-in-one legislature would be formed; 3) decided that delegates from Greece and Turkey would be invited to serve as "advisers" to the British Governor instead of, as originally planned, members of his executive council. Macmillan also promised that "if violence ceases," the exiled Greek Cypriot leader, Archbishop Makarios, would be permitted to return.

Britain's changes were received with satisfaction in Turkey, whose major interest in Cyprus is to make sure that the island never falls into Greek hands. But in Athens, the gloom was heavy. To Premier Constantine Karamanlis, as to most Greeks, Macmillan's modified plan seemed the beginning of partition. Fearing a renewal of bombings and murder, Cyprus Governor Sir Hugh Foot sent a personal message to Archbishop Makarios in Athens: "If this chance is not at once seized, I can foresee nothing but continuing misery for Cyprus." At week's end Makarios flatly rejected the Macmillan plan. In their shuttered houses on their pleasant island, Cypriots—both Greek and Turkish—braced themselves for a renewal of bloodletting.

SINGAPORE

A Place to Die

In an alleyway off Sago Lane in Singapore's Chinatown, beneath banners and scrolls and paper models of ships and planes, dozens of Chinese last week played mah-jongg by the light that gleamed from two adjoining houses. From inside the houses came a deafening cacophony of clanging cymbals, shrieking flutes and thumping drums. In the ancient Taoist tradition, the mah-jongg players had come to pay their last respects to friends and relatives who lay dying inside.

For generations, poorer Singapore Chinese have sent their infirm relatives to spend their last days in what the proprietors call "sick receiving homes," but what most of Singapore knows as "dying houses." For \$3.33 a month, the two houses on Sago Lane provide a bed for each patient, see that food is brought in from outside, summon doctors (whose chief duty is to write death certificates), and provide a funeral.

Paper Palaces. When one of the "active" members of the *tai lan kun* (The Club of the Most Critical Moment) is dying, a roast-pig dinner is laid before him, and Taoist priests chant prayers that he will be transported to heaven. Women fold silver joss papers that cost 40¢ a 1,000 but are thought to be worth 1,000 silver dollars in paradise. The average traveler to the next world gets about 10,000 pieces of silver, a ricksha, a medium-sized house—all made of paper. The better off, who can pay \$330 for a big funeral, receive paper limousines, palatial mansions, four servants, a de luxe ocean-going liner, and even a jet airliner. By Taoist belief, when the papers are burned, they become real objects for use by the deceased in the next world.

The sick receiving homes sprang up years ago when an enterprising Singapore Chinese noticed that poorer people, who could not afford a funeral parlor, had to put coffins on the sidewalk for the three to five days of mourning. He also noticed that Chinese refused to go to hospitals as they got old. The sick receiving homes take a cut from the contractors who provide the bands, the lantern and banner carriers for each funeral, and the professional mourners whose pay is graded by the length and depth of their moans.

Ghosts & Coffin Carriers. On grounds that the burning of joss paper constitutes a fire hazard and that the houses are a menace to health, the Singapore city

council recently decided that the houses must be moved out of the center of town. But last week the perplexed council members were finding that this was more easily decreed than done. One new site proposed by the council proved to be so near a cemetery that professional coffin carriers would have less distance to travel, and would lose revenue. In the other new location proposed by the council, prosperous citizens were complaining that the arrival of the houses (and hence of the restless ghosts of the dying and unburied dead) would lead to a mass flight of superstitious servants. "The servants," reported one community spokesman gloomily, "are already scared stiff."

TRADE

Cutting the List

The London *Times* went so far as to call it "a forward outpost of the McCarthyist outlook," and few foreign businessmen thought that the strict U.S.-inspired embargo on "strategic" goods to Communist lands made too much sense. The embargo, they argued, had not noticeably stunted Russia's industrial growth; it tended to make Red China more and more dependent on the Soviet Union, and it deprived Western nations of much-needed markets. Over the years, bit by bit, the U.S. has had to give in to such pressure. Last week, after five months of arguing, the Coordinating Committee (COCOM) of European nations, the U.S., Canada and Japan slashed the number of embargoed items from 181 to 118. It also lifted all controls over the amounts of goods that could be exported to Communist nations.

Though the U.S. will not have its own list ready for at least two months, it promptly made it clear that it would hold to its ban as far as Communist Asia (China, North Korea, North Viet Nam) is concerned. Other nations follow no such double standard for Eastern Europe and Asia. They will now be allowed to export to any country that wants them such newly freed items as civil aircraft (including turboprop), all kinds of trucks, tankers under 18 knots, industrial diamonds, all petroleum refinery equipment, all turbines and diesel engines. But for all their cries that the relaxed embargo was a victory of "common sense," the U.S.'s allies expect no dramatic rise in trade with Communist countries that have shown themselves so guided by political whims, so chronically plagued by a shortage of currency or a lack of goods that meet Western specifications. Though Britain's trade with Communist countries, for example, has more than doubled in the past seven years, it is still only 2.6% of total U.K. exports. In a more realistic vein, the London *Times* warned: "When the Communists talk about increasing trade, they are as often concerned with the political effect of their words as with any goods they may want to buy." Added a Ruhr industrialist: "The demand for Russian caviar is not unlimited in Germany, and it is not always easy to obtain other goods for which we might have better use."



How to chill a martini without dampening its spirit

Despite the seeming absurdity—a martini, it should be remembered, is a cocktail and not a lemon squash. It should be chilled, but *quickly*, not left to perish under an ice floe.

To refrigerate a martini properly:
a. chill the glasses (not a must, but a master stroke). b. introduce ice cubes generously. c. pour in the gin. Not just any gin, mind you, but that magnificent gesture known as *Seagram's*.

You see, after an eon of the status quo in gin-making, Seagram's new method has improved this spirit to the ultimate degree.

What this improvement does for the martini makes this noble cocktail glad it was born. Never before has the crisp, brittle, extra dryness of 94 proof gin been combined with such smooth, sublime affability.

Next time you make a round of martinis, use Seagram's Gin for a dune-dry flavor and an inner exuberance that weathers an icy chill like a penguin. Let Seagram's secret be your pleasure. Skoal!

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THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

New Development Bank

In a dramatic reversal of long-frozen policy, the U.S. last week agreed to help set up an international bank for Latin American economic development. At a special session of the Organization of American States, World Financier C. Douglas Dillon, now Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, announced: "The U.S. is prepared to consider the establishment of an inter-American regional-development institution." Latin America's joyous response was summed up by El Salvador Delegate Julio Heurtematte: "It is the realization of an old dream."

The dream of an inter-American development bank goes back to the First International Conference of American States in Washington in 1889-90. The idea came up again in Mexico City (1901-02), Washington (1931), Montevideo (1933), Buenos Aires (1936), Lima (1938), Guatemala City (1939) and Bogotá (1948). By 1948 the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund and the Export-Import Bank had been launched; the U.S. took the view that any added agency would be a duplication, held steadfast to this position at inter-American conferences in Washington (1950), Caracas (1954), Petrópolis (1954) and Buenos Aires (1957).

What caused the U.S. about-face? One reason became plain next day, when President Eisenhower suggested a similar plan for the troubled Middle East before the U.N. General Assembly. But more important was Latin America's joint impact on Visitors Richard Nixon, Milton Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles. When Dulles returned from talks with Brazilian President Juscelino Kubitschek a fortnight ago, he put his department heads to work on the development bank idea.

The form the bank will take will be hammered out around conference tables, probably at the get-together this fall of the "Committee of 21" suggested by Kubitschek last week in a round-robin note to all the Hemisphere nations. Said Roy Rubottom, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs: "The need is urgent, the desire is widespread, and we'll go ahead on a rapid schedule."

Fiscal Sense

U.S. support for the idea of an inter-American development bank caused hopeful smiles to blossom in every Latin American capital last week. Even more hopeful were signs in some of the hemisphere's key countries that free-handed spending might be replaced with tight budgeting, that careless deficits would give way to more careful planning. The results promised to solve many of the new bank's problems before they become problems—and even before there is a bank.

Brazil. When touch-minded new Finance Minister Lucas Lopes took charge eight weeks ago, he found that his prede-



THE U.S.'S DILLON
Cheers for an about-face.

cessor had run up a record six-month deficit of \$168 million. Clanking presses were turning out inflated new currency at top speed (2.5 billion cruzeiros in both April and May, 1.8 billion in June). Lucas Lopes trimmed nearly \$75 million from the current budget and even managed to take a symbolic batch of 7,204,800 cruzeiros out of circulation. He revamped the ruinous coffee-price-support program by making only token payments for low-grade coffee. Despite complaints from the growers, he sold 260,000 bags of four-year-old surplus coffee at about 7¢ to



BRAZIL'S LUCAS LOPES
Hopes for a return to sense.

10¢ less than the pegged price—and thus earned Brazil an unexpected \$15 billion.

Venezuela. Last week the government announced that it had negotiated a \$380 million loan from a consortium of U.S., British and Canadian banks to put part of the burdensome \$1.4 billion debt left by ousted Dictator Marcos Pérez Jiménez on a businesslike basis.

Argentina. A month ago, President Arturo Frondizi shattered his country's traditional go-it-alone oil policy by announcing that nearly \$1 billion worth of oil development contracts were closed or nearly closed with a long list of foreign oil companies and investors. Argentina has an estimated 2.3 billion bbl. of oil in underground reserves, but snail-slow development forces the country to spend about \$300 million a year for imported petroleum and petroleum products.

Colombia. As in the case of Venezuela, Colombia was run heavily into debt by its own ex-Dictator Gustavo Rojas Pinilla. By careful penny pinching, the post-revolutionary junta surely and steadily paid off much of the debt.

The three nations most plainly in need of the kind of help the new bank can offer are **Bolivia, Paraguay and Chile.** But Bolivia's President Hernán Siles Zuazo has been backing a stern anti-inflation program with everything from hunger strikes to threats to resign, and there are hopeful signs of recovery. Paraguay's President Alfredo Stroessner, re-inaugurated last week, has stabilized the currency, balanced the budget and held the rise in cost of living to a low (for Paraguay) 1% per month. And Chile's President Carlos Ibáñez has sacrificed his personal popularity to back tough economic reforms, made even tougher by a deep slump in the world price of copper, the country's main export.

CUBA

Comeback

Five months ago many Cubans thought that Rebel Chief Fidel Castro was through. His much-touted "total war" against President Fulgencio Batista was a total failure; the general strike in Havana that started literally with a bang ended with a whimper as local leaders went into hiding, shrilly blaming one another for the fiasco. That was early April. Last week reports shifting through heavy censorship indicated that Castro had made a notable comeback. Despite the rebels' continued grandstanding and disorganization, the swelling tide of popular discontent had carried them back to a position of strength.

One day last week the rebels halted a Havana-Santiago train, killed most of the armed guard aboard, rescued a rebel leader being transported for trial and, after waiting vainly to ambush the expected counterattack, retired in leisurely fashion. Two days later they severed the Santiago-



Mr. and Mrs. Worcester live in Weston, Massachusetts, but their true home is the world. Inveterate travelers, they've planned their next trip around their favorite means of transportation... their 1958 Lincoln Premiere Landau. "Wherever we go, the Lincoln look is like a passport," say the Worcesters. "Its simple elegance is admired everywhere by the people we know."



Mr. Worcester's great-grandfather owned the fast clipper ship, "Charger" (painting on wall). "He must have felt the same way about his ship as I do about my Lincoln," says Mr. Worcester. "Both have that clean, functional look."



THE WORCESTER FAMILY AND THE LINCOLN LOOK

Good taste comes naturally to Mrs. Worcester. Two examples are her flower arrangements and the interior of her 1958 Lincoln. For the Lincoln, she chose blue Bridge of Weir leathers from Scotland, set off by rich Lincoln Cameo fabrics.

"The Lincoln takes everything in its stride," says Mrs. Worcester. "The winding roads of Brae Burn Golf Club or the steepest hills of the Rockies. Believe it or not, I know why! Uniframe construction. Right, Mr. Worcester?" LINCOLN DIVISION, FORD MOTOR COMPANY





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Guantánamo highway, blocked traffic for three hours, again withdrew without interference. Nightly, the rebels sniped at the army garrison guarding the Yateras waterworks, which supplies the U.S. Naval Base at Guantánamo Bay.

The rebels held their best prisoner bag of the 21-month-long fight: one major, four captains, twelve lieutenants; they liberated almost 300 soldier prisoners through the International Red Cross. Their weapons position was improving. In the summer counterattack they took good booty—500 pieces, including five bazookas, an armored car, two flak guns.

This did not mean that Castro could now come down and engage in a stand-up fight. But he did hold the Oriente countryside, and he was strong enough to expand his guerrilla operations. This week

Jiménez' fictional pet. The poorer folk use them to haul firewood from the forests or farm produce to market. The children ride them to school.

Allowed for the most part to forage for themselves by night, the *plateritos* chewed the grass of the town square down to nubbins, ate up the flowerbeds around the bandstand, munched the leaves and pink buds off the scrubby *palo borracho* trees that line La Rioja's streets. They followed housewives from the marketplace and sometimes quietly stole vegetables from their baskets. At newsstands they even snagged and ate the latest edition of the daily *Córdoba*. As the pack prospered and multiplied on such fare, fines were imposed on loose burros and a squad of "burreros" was formed to round them up. The owners just waited and eventually



PLATERITO ROUNDUP IN LA RIOJA
Will they come back for love?

Francisco Vero—Life

rebels were fighting in four of Cuba's six provinces, and Castro reinforcements were scheduled for Camagüey and Las Villas provinces. Batista still held the big, fixed positions of power—the cities, the capital, the labor movement, the army—but their strength was ebbing.

ARGENTINA

Promised Land

Platero is small, downy, smooth—so soft to the touch that one would think he were all cotton, that he had no bones. He eats everything I give him. He likes tangerines, muscatel grapes, all amber-colored, and purple figs with their crystal points of honey.

—Platero and I

In La Rioja, a picturesque town of 35,000 on the Andean slopes of northwestern Argentina, the little donkeys of the community are nicknamed *plateritos*, because they are just as lovable and usually just as hungry as famed Poet Juan Ramón

bought back their animals at city auction for purely nominal prices. Public opinion would not stand for destroying the strays.

After the number of loose burros topped 300, Mayor Adolfo Santocchi decided to act. One day last week his men rounded up 20 burros, loaded them on a truck and drove away. Twelve miles out from town the burros were set down in a green valley, sheltered by hills and watered by a cool stream. In an address to the town by soundtruck, Mayor Santocchi explained that he had sought out the valley as a refuge—suitably distant—"where our *plateritos* can live happily and in peace." As his men began rounding up the rest of the strays, the mayor promised periodic inspections to make certain that the donkeys were prospering. He hoped that the *plateritos* would stay permanently lost. Other townspeople did not believe it. "Twelve miles, a green valley and a cool river will not keep our *plateritos* away," said one old Riojano. "They don't come here just for food. They come here because they love us. They'll be back."

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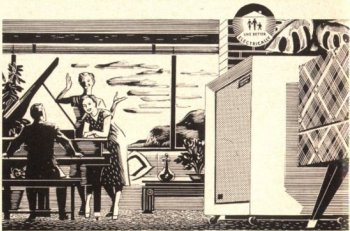


In 1876, Edison patented the "electric pen," forerunner of today's mimeograph. The McGraw-Edison Company carries on this tradition of invention.

FOUND: a better way to breathe underwater—Navy underwater specialists stay submerged so long that air in their self-contained breathing apparatus must be recirculated to prevent poisoning. *Baralyme*, manufactured by McGraw-Edison's Medical Gas Division, filters out contaminating carbon dioxide exhaled by the diver. *Baralyme* is widely used in anesthesia, too . . . and McGraw-Edison researchers are testing it as an air purifier for space ships.



FOUND: a better way to protect garden freshness—Thermostat-controlled combination cooling-heating units from Tropic-Aire Division take trailer temperatures as low as -20° or as high as 70°. Continual air circulation at a constant set temperature protects perishable cargo.



FOUND: a better way to drive out dampness—A long wet spell can give a baby grand honky-tonk pitch—unless a dehumidifier soaks up moisture. Coolerator Division has developed home units. And Lectrodryer Division's powerful equipment fights dampness in ammunition storehouses, in labs, electronic centers, in many industrial and defense areas.

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PEOPLE

On hand for the Soviet Union's three "National Days" at the Brussels World's Fair, small, smooth President **Kliment E. Voroshilov** reeled out a party line of chatter while moving in and out of pavilions. Coming model-boyishly away from a U.S.-style voting machine, he said, "I voted for peace." Remotely controlled mechanical hands that struck a match were "symbolic," for "one day an inventor might put together a machine aimed at destruction, and might be tempted to try it. This we should stop in time." In the Hungarian pavilion, a panorama of Budapest called up Voroshilov's warmest memories: "What a beautiful city, what a beautiful country! But such foolish things have happened there. Some people have called it counter-revolution; some called it revolution. I think it was just foolishness. Perhaps it would have been possible not to give **Imre Nagy** such a harsh sentence, because he was just a fool."

After a fortnight's swing through the Soviet Union, the American Bar Association's President **Charles S. Rhyne** (TIME, May 5) described the impression Red justice had made on his delegation of U.S. lawyers. In the Soviet Union, said Rhyne, "among the most important questions put to every defendant in a criminal case is, 'Are you a member of the Communist Party?', and, though [the Russians] deny it, the Soviet legal system provides a different type of justice for Communists and non-Communists."

Soon to become an honored statesman at Madame Tussaud's wax museum in London, Ghana's Prime Minister **Kwame Nkrumah** was making top-of-his-head problems. Museum Hair Specialist Vera Bland not only had trouble getting Nkrumah-like hair ("It is in very short

commercial supply"), but paled at the prospect of putting it on the wax head at 1,000 hairs per sq. in. But at least, said Bernard Tussaud, boss of the firm, "he hasn't any bumps on his head at all. He seems a good-tempered, benevolent kind of man."

With a front-lawn place kick, **Amos Alonzo Stagg** warmed up to watch a football game between two teams of Sacramento Valley high school all-stars, who dedicated their contest to the grand old man of football on his 96th birthday. All set for his 68th coaching season (as advisory punting coach at California's Stockton College), the Yale '88 All-American and onetime coach of the University of Chicago, the College of the Pacific, and Susquehanna University,



A. A. STAGG AT 96
Greenbacks among the halfbacks.

ty found paydirt in the congratulatory mail. Among the notes from old quarterbacks, halfbacks and fullbacks were 10,690 greenbacks—insurance companies' acknowledgment that Stagg had outlived their soundest actuarial estimates.

"This Catalina is very nervous," said the tall Sicilian aviator in the scarlet bathrobe, "perhaps a little neurotic, you understand, but she is an artist." Catalina, better known as **Caitlin Thomas**, 43, widow of Welsh Poet **Dylan Thomas**, was touring the United Kingdom in a trailer with handsome Giuseppe Fazio, whom she met 18 months ago in a restaurant in Italy. Their first visit was to the village of Laugharne in Wales to see Dylan Thomas' mother.* "Do you know what they tell me in Laugharne?" said the incredulous Fazio. "They say if I



CAITLIN THOMAS & FRIEND
A visit resented.

am not out of town in three days, I will be dead. I asked them, 'How do you mean, dead?' They jerked their thumb and said, 'in the cemetery with Dylan.'"

The U.S. Navy rocked to a clamorous NOW HEAR THIS. On the horn: **Ruth Masters Rickover**, doctor of international law (Columbia '32) and wife of Rear Admiral **Hyman George Rickover**, U.S.N. Her complaint: "The stupid windbags who run [the Navy] are really out to hurt my husband." Navy brass, said the admiral's wife, hooted at Rickover's dream of a nuclear submarine, but when the *Nautilus* turned out successfully, "they tried to shove my husband under a rug while everybody else stepped in to take the glory." Moreover, Rickover conceived the North Pole crossing (TIME, Aug. 18) "right here in our apartment," but when the feat was celebrated in the White House, the admiral was not invited, and Press Secretary **James Hagerty** said there was "no room." Then there was the matter of who's been smashing champagne bottles at the launchings of nuclear subs. By eight times passing her over as a candidate for the honor, the Navy, as Mrs. Rickover saw it, had thought up "one of the most elegant ways they could devise to hurt him." Wheels turned. Eight Representatives and 45 Senators introduced resolutions to give Rickover a special gold medal in recognition of his pioneering achievements, and to hint that the Navy would do well not to try to oust the prickly admiral by passing him over for promotion. The Navy apologized to Rickover for the White House snub, and said that as long ago as July 15 it decided to ask his wife to christen an atomic submarine one of these days. Wispish Admiral Rickover, never considered the most accommodating personality, allowed himself an ambiguous comment: "You can't control your wife."



NKRUMAH AT THE WAXWORKS
Hair that's hard to get.

* Who died a few days later, at 70.



Ever watch a forest die?

No? Well, I have. It started two days ago. Seems like two years. "Big fire over the ridge," they told me. "Everybody's needed."

So I've been fighting it for forty-eight hours. Sweating and choking in the smoke till my eyes and lungs feel burnt out. Didn't have enough to eat in that time. Don't know as I'm hungry right now, though. I'm just plain beat.

The paper'll talk about a million-dollar loss. But when you read it you

won't see the red hell that turned big trees into living torches. You won't hear the roar of it or know the black discouragement of falling back, defeated, time after time.

What am I thinking about, besides my aches and pains? Well, I remember a lucky deer that raced past . . . a bear and her two cubs that got away. And the scorched young trees that would have been forest some day. Then I think of the boys on the big yellow bulldozers, ramming

through brush and trees and blinding smoke to cut the firebreak along the ridge. That's what finally licked it.

Last of all I think of you. Was it you who dropped the match? You, who tossed the cigarette out the car window, or left the campfire smoldering? If it was, I wish you'd been here with me to see this forest die.

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Too Much Radiation?

Of the sources of the radioactivity that batters man, fallout from nuclear weapons testing is the least. At current levels, it is less than 5% of radiation from natural sources. But this is small comfort: the total of all radiation, largely from rocks, body chemicals, cosmic rays and X rays, may already be at a dangerous level. So warned a 15-country United Nations scientific committee last week, after studying world radiation for 2½ years. Shunning politics, the experts voted against urging a ban on nuclear tests. As top scientists, they voiced a sobering opinion: "Even the smallest amounts of radiation



UPI

BIOPHYSICIST CURTIS
The AEC and Senator Anderson agreed.

are likely to cause deleterious genetic and perhaps somatic effects."

A unit that science uses to measure radiation exposure is the rem. It expresses a fixed amount of absorbed energy, corrected for the biological effects of different kinds of radiation. Radiation's vital targets: gonads and bone marrow. From natural sources, the average man is exposed to about one-tenth rem annually. In developed countries, he may also get almost as much extra each year from medical and dental X rays.

These figures are averages. They do not reveal what the extremes of exposure may be for individuals in many parts of the world. But by any gauge, most scientists agree that man is already exposed to too much radiation. Last week, at the first International Congress of Radiation Research in Burlington, Vt., Brookhaven National Laboratory's Dr. Howard J. Curtis reported evidence that a single modern fluoroscopic examination of a pregnant woman's pelvis will shorten her child's life by two weeks.

Body Damage. The U.N. scientists pinpointed the added significance of nuclear fallout. They found least long-range danger from that which swirls through the troposphere (the part of the atmosphere that goes seven to eleven miles up) for several months before falling. At most, its short-lived isotopes raise annual external marrow and gonad dosage by .0005 rem. But the higher stratosphere (beyond eleven miles) is a reservoir of long-lived isotopes that fall for many years. Chief dangers:

☐ Caesium 137, which is a genetic peril because it spreads throughout the body.

☐ Strontium 90, which affects the bones, especially of young children, because it is absorbed like calcium.

☐ Carbon 14, which has a half-life of 5,700 years and has probably risen in all living matter .3%-6% since the beginning of nuclear weapons tests.

As a result of bomb tests to date, caesium 137 dosage in Japan and the U.S. will rise by one hundredth of a rem per capita over the next 30 years. The strontium 90 rise in the next 70 years will vary in each country. For milk-drinking Americans, it will average an estimated .16 rem (or roughly the present dosage from X rays). For rice-eating Japanese, whose crops draw in more strontium because their soil lacks calcium, the per capita increase will be nearly one rem.

What will be the effects? In terms of direct physical effects, the answer bristles with unknowns. Assuming that the world population is 3 billion, U.N. scientists said they believe that current nuclear-bomb fallout accounts for between 400 and 2,000 leukemia cases a year (total: 150,000), as compared to 15,000 from natural radiation. Science is not yet sure how much radiation is needed to produce leukemia. The U.S. National Academy of Sciences estimates the threshold as 40 rem. If this is true, and if all bomb tests stop this year, said the U.N. report, then the ultimate total of fallout leukemia cases would be between 25,000 and 150,000. (But should the threshold be as much as 400 rem, probably no leukemia cases could be caused by fallout whether the tests were stopped or not.)

Poorer Progeny. Much less uncertain are genetic effects. Said the report: "Exposure of gonads to even the smallest doses of ionizing radiations can give rise to mutant genes which accumulate, are transmissible to the progeny, and are considered to be, in general, harmful to the human race." Doubling the present human mutation rate would probably not lead to the race's extinction. But the scientists felt little doubt that any increase at all will lower the average of human intelligence and life expectancy.

For this fallout reading, the committee was praised as "thoroughgoing" by the AEC, which maintains that bomb tests are not critically dangerous. Praise flowed also from such AEC critics as New Mexico's Senator Clinton P. Anderson, vice

chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, who took the same report to mean that the AEC has "no place to go, no place to hide." The U.N. committee's own summation of the significance: "The knowledge that man's actions can impair his genetic inheritance . . . clearly emphasizes the responsibilities of the present generation."

Water Divining

Far more than the nationalistic glory it yearns for, the Arab world needs water. The Middle East thirsted when Moses "smote the rock twice; and the water came out," and it thirsts now. By and large, its lands have the necessary soils and minerals, lack only irrigation to bloom with fruit and grain. Last week, in his United Nations speech, President Ei-



Fritz von Uhde

MOSES SMITING ROCK
like offered atomic help.

senhower took due note that water could end much Middle Eastern misery, and offered U.S. aid in getting it. In Washington other top officials showed how water could be found. Some ways and means:

☐ Radioactive isotopes. To find underground water, which is plentiful in the Middle East, the U.S. will supply isotopes of the kind used by oilmen to trace pipeline leaks. They could map extraordinary untapped active reservoirs, such as the hidden river below the bed of the Nile, which carries 560 billion cubic meters of water per year, or six times the flow of the mighty Nile itself.

☐ Nuclear blasting. Engineers have long considered a connecting tunnel or canal between the Mediterranean and the Dead Sea. The water would drop 1,800 ft. below sea level from the Mediterranean, creating tremendous hydroelectric power, and the Dead Sea would obligingly evaporate it to keep the current running. While the U.S. is not yet formally prepared to furnish nuclear explosives, the Atomic Energy Commission has already tested them in

Look into a child's eyes...



Look into a child's eyes, it has been said, and you will see the future. And if you could but glimpse into the wonderful world that awaits our children of today, you would see life with a new dimension and abundance . . . where disease and pain will give way to health and comfort . . . and where the human body and spirit will grow with a new vigor. This is the world for which we strive at Pfizer—and its dawn has already been hastened by Pfizer

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an underground blast, might well lend help and supplies if asked.

Q Desalting water. The U.S. Department of the Interior, eyeing a 597 billion-gal. daily consumption in the U.S. by 1980 (v. 221 billion in 1955), has gone far in developing cheap desalting methods. Some of its pilot plants are producing desalted water for \$1.75 per 1,000 gal. may soon hit \$1, using methods that seem useful for the Middle East, where the cheapest desalting costs at least \$2 per 1,000 gal. New methods: improved fuel-fired distillation processes, solar evaporation techniques, electrified membranes that draw off salt's sodium and chlorine ions.

Blind Sailing

With no guiding stars or radio beams to give her position, how did the U.S.S. *Nautilus* navigate under the Arctic ice-cap? The secret is inertial navigation—a new means of finding latitude and longitude wholly without external reference points. Last week it was also used in the Arctic by the U.S.S. *Skate*, will go in even more sophisticated form into all the Navy's nuclear submarines, some of them designed to creep deep in enemy underwaters with the Polaris missile.

Inertial navigation systems are only as old as guided missiles, which brought to a head the brewing problem of modern aerial navigation: how to get a fix at great speed while all the usual sun and star angles are constantly changing. Solution: an instrument that records and remembers earth distance and direction traveled from a known starting point. One of the best systems was developed by North American Aviation, Inc. for the Navaho missile. The Navaho was scrapped, but last February the Navy ordered a Navaho guidance system installed in *Nautilus*. It was aboard the sub nine weeks later—and it seems likely to change marine navigation forever.

Earth-Angled. In inertial navigation, every motion of a ship in any direction is accounted for and automatically computed to give precise distance traveled. The key instrument is an accelerometer—a container holding a weight that can move, against springs, toward one end or the other. The weight acts like a man's head that is jerked back because a cab driver starts suddenly. The weight thus measures a vehicle's thrust (acceleration), and from this information, an electronic computer can determine the vehicle's velocity. Inertial navigation uses two accelerometers, one to measure all north-south motion from the starting point, and one to measure all east-west motion.

To work properly, the accelerometer cylinders must lie at right angles to the earth's radius lines; i.e., their weights must move along tangents to the earth's circumference. Otherwise, gravity, as well as lateral movement, would affect the weights. To hold the accelerometers steady, they are hinged to platforms, stabilized by gyroscopes, which keep an unchanging relationship to the earth (the platform of the north-south instrument, for instance, is always at the same angle

to the polar axis). But the accelerometers do not remain immovable. Holding their tangential position, they must slowly tip on their platforms as the ship moves. What tips them is a motor that takes its electric cues from the accelerometers' own velocity reports.

Byproduct. This gives the system an important information byproduct in addition to distance traveled. As the cylinders move to keep alignment, the angles they form with their stable gyro platforms are computed to give the ship's location in degrees of latitude and longitude. With readings for distance traveled, plus latitude and longitude, the ship's position is clear at any moment.

Chief complication is keeping the gyro platform absolutely stable and unaffected by gravity; it tends to drift. Such forces as bearing friction and the rotation of the earth itself tend to tilt the platform out of line. On the *Nautilus* the system apparently worked without significant drift for the full 96 hours under the ice, and eventually the Navy hopes for accuracy up to 90 days at a time.

For a final check of its inertial navigation gears, the *Nautilus* had one of the handiest wrinkles that submariners have developed since the snorkel—a periscope sextant. Where the ice is open, a sub equipped with this gadget can up periscope and shoot star sights without surfacing. The sextant does the work electronically. At a computer below, the navigator receives the figures on a paper tape without rising from his chair.

Portable Reactor

For his modern Antarctic pioneers at the South Pole, Rear Admiral George Dufek last week urged Washington to send atomic-powered heat and light. If that seemed pretty cushy for explorers, it made practical scientific sense. The polar fuel bill is huge, and along the Arctic's 3,000-mile DEW line as well, U.S. radar stations could well use small reactors instead of flying in oil.

Last week the era of such small plants began, as the 210-ton Argonne Low Power Reactor went critical, i.e., began a controlled chain reaction, at the Atomic Energy Commission testing grounds in Idaho Falls. The Argonne reactor is a natural-circulation boiling water reactor: it produces steam simply and directly in its core instead of in a separate heat exchanger leading to the turbogenerator, and has an air-cooled condenser that drastically cuts down the total water needed. Full capacity: 3,000 thermal kw.—enough to light 260 average homes or (if used as radiator steam) to heat 40.

Just as important is the Argonne plant's portability. None of its components is bigger than 20 ft. by 9 ft. by 7 ft., and none weighs more than ten tons, so it can be flown anywhere with ease and assembled on the spot. Its enriched uranium fuel supply lasts three years. Once produced in quantity for military use, it may become the long-overdue prototype of a portable U.S. reactor for underdeveloped countries.

Antibiotics That Act More Swiftly



Ever since the first antibiotic was discovered, science has tried out many hundreds of agents in the hope of finding one which would persuade the human organism to absorb these "wonder drugs" faster and better. At Pfizer alone, research workers had tested 84 compounds before they discovered the remarkable "antibiotic speed-up" action they were seeking in a substance called glucosamine... currently incorporated in many of Pfizer's wide range of antibiotics.

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THE PRESS

Hunger for Justice

Every pressroom has him—the unobtrusive character who is not a professional newsmen but who is always around, his duties uncertain, his status undetermined, tolerated and even liked by the pros. But few can boast a more memorable character than Vo Song Thiet, a tiny, bespectacled Vietnamese who bicycled into Geneva in 1954 and has been



Robert L. Kroom

HUNGER STRIKER VO SONG THIEP
Dying from shame.

a fixture of the Palais des Nations' pressroom ever since.

Vo arrived as the diplomats were gathering to carve up Viet Nam. He pitched his green tent on a patch of lawn outside the Palais des Nations. To protest the division of his homeland, he went on a hunger strike, but the diplomats purring past in their black cars paid no attention, and only blood transfusions saved Vo's life. After his recovery, Vo—a teacher in Viet Nam, where the French often jailed him for his nationalist views—wangled accreditation as a newsmen, commanded a desk in the Palais, and started his own newsletter (in French) to campaign against the partition.

Month after month Vo worked on, an implacable, improbable figure huddled in his corner, typing out endless copy. He had no money. His appeals were stenciled on the blank sides of U.N. press releases; his lunch was carrots and lettuce. A sympathetic Swiss matron let him move his tent to her grounds. When the winter nights got too cold, he crept into a dollhouse on the estate and slept with a hot-water bottle over his heart.

The partition plan went through, but Vo fought on—in his own odd way. Every July, in sorrowful memory of the month when partition took place, he fasted for a week. This July, Vo vanished from his pressroom corner; newsmen remembered that he had talked of going

on an "indefinite" hunger strike. He did. Last week, his weight down to 90 lbs., staying alive only with occasional pinches of salt, bowls of rice broth and fruit juice, Vo totted up his recent appeals to world figures, including U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld, Nikita Khrushchev, President Eisenhower, Vietnamese Communist Boss Ho Chi Minh.

"I suffer more and more from the shameful state of affairs in my country," he whispered. "If all my appeals bear no fruit, I shall leave Geneva and go to my cave in the Bernese Oberland near Fribourg. I will then start a new fasting period, this time unto eternity." Newsmen at the Palais des Nations guessed that Vo would continue his curious protest—just as Viet Nam would go on being partitioned.

Sporting Cartoons

In his cartoonland, basketball centers are lean and heron-legged, fullbacks loom half a mile high, thoroughbreds trade wisecracks with their jockeys on the drive to the wire. More startling, his situations may be parodies of a Keats poem or a Steinbeck novel. A literate wit, plus a newsmen's flair for capsuling the essence of a story, is the mark of Sports Cartoonist Willard Harlan Mullin, 55, of the Scripps-Howard New York *World-Telegram and Sun* (circ. 473,732).

Mullin draws for a New York audience, but he has become a national institution. Besides the *World-Telly*, where he has appeared six times a week for the past 23 years (except for vacations and one missed deadline when a cartoon was lost), Mullin runs sporadically in the other 20 Scripps-Howard papers, regularly in the weekly *Sporting News*. His madcap figures have also illustrated dozens of magazine articles (*LIFE*, *Saturday Evening Post*), peddled Ramblers for American Motors Corp., and brightened Frank G. Menke's *Encyclopedia of Sports*.

Ode on a Bum. Last week, back from his annual trip to West Point for some friendly golf, chess and fishing with the Army's Football Coach Earl ("Red") Blaik, Mullin was zestfully skewering a typical summer's assortment of subjects. In for a joshing came Heavyweights Floyd Patterson and Roy Harris of Cut and Shoot, Texas. A potbellied, stein-hoisting Brave celebrated Milwaukee's National League lead in German dialect, and days later Mullin's cutlass-swinging Pittsburgh Pirate was walking the plank while a puzzled Brave looked on.

From time to time, Mullin will lovingly revive the best-known figure in his sports wonderland: a mournful Dodger Bum, with his tattered coat, scraggly beard, patched pants and woeful cigar. When the Dodgers moved to Los Angeles, Mullin briefly spruced up his Bum with a sports shirt and dark glasses—but quickly went back to the stogie. After the Dodgers lost the 1953 World Series to the Yankees, Mullin had his Bum futilely chasing a

light-footed brunette in a parody of Keats's *Ode on a Grecian Urn* ("Thou still unravish'd bride . . .").

He seldom crusades: "I don't think I'm God—I'm not running the world." But Mullin often strops a sharp edge on a drawing. One neatly sliced target: spitting Slugger Ted Williams of the Boston Red Sox. Another: Dodger Owner Walter O'Malley, pictured as a Mullinesque carpetbagger while he prepared to move his team to Los Angeles (*TIME*, April 28) in search of the dollar. Says O'Malley, undaunted: "I am very high on Mr. Mullin."

Deadline Agonizing. To keep up with the news, greying Willard Mullin works only one day ahead. Most of his quizzical heroes take shape in a knotty-pine-paneled den in his home in Plandome Manor, L.I., where Mullin spends hours poring over photos for such details as the shape of football helmets and the piping on baseball uniforms. An agonizer over ideas, he suffers most during the rowing season. "It's just too hard," he says, "to draw eight guys doing the same thing."

Born of Quaker parents on an Ohio farm, Will Mullin grew up in Los Angeles, where he was enough of an athlete to run up an impressive blight of injuries, including ankles ruined at squash and softball. He decided by the seventh grade that he wanted to become a sports cartoonist, went directly from high school in 1920 to learn lettering in a sign shop ("Women's Philippine Underwear, 79¢"), got his first



Walter Doran

CARTOONIST MULLIN
Drawing from Keats.

newspaper job in 1923 doing illustrations for Hearst's old Los Angeles *Herald* (now the *Herald & Express*).

Republican Mullin has often thought of switching to political cartoons, occasionally draws them for the *W-T*. But with an annual income ranging from \$35,000 to \$50,000 he prefers the profession he dominates. "I'm very lucky," says Mullin. "I'm doing exactly what I want to do."

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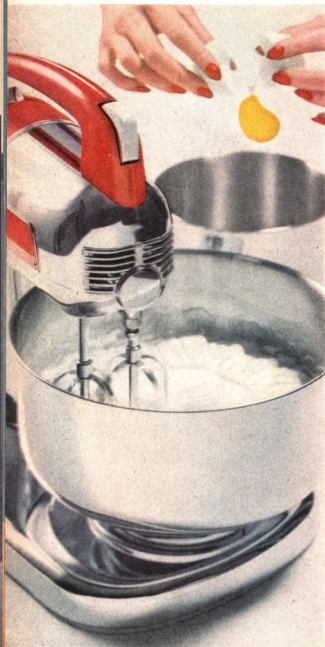


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A man dressed as a fisherman, wearing a grey hat with colorful feathers and a fishing lure, a red and black plaid shirt, and a fishing vest with a pipe and tackle. He is holding a bottle of Wolfeschmidt's Vodka in his right hand and making a 'shh' gesture with his left index finger. The bottle label features a crest and the text 'WOLFSCHMIDT'S', 'ORIGINAL GENUINE VODKA', 'SINCE 1847', 'IMPORTED & BOTTLED BY WOLFSCHMIDT LTD. NEW YORK, N.Y.', 'PRODUCT OF U.S.A. • 80 PROOF', and 'VODKA 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS'. A neck label says 'WOLFSCHMIDT'S' and 'SINCE 1847'. A small tag on the hat says 'WOLFESCHMIDT'S'.

WOLFSCHMIDT VODKA

EDUCATION

English Spoken Here

Naturalization laws prodded the nation's early foreign-speaking immigrants to learn English, but the 700,000 Puerto Ricans who now form 10% of New York City's population were U.S. citizens when they arrived, and about half of them continue to speak nothing but Spanish. Last week, by the early dawning (6:30-7 a.m.) light of TV, some of them were learning their new home's native tongue. The program: WRCA-TV's *Aquí se Habla Inglés* (English Spoken Here).

Eye opener for the station's five-day-a-week educational curtain raiser is a bilingual newscast by Puerto Rican Newsman José Roman. Then Cuban-born, 31-year-old Teacher Clara Barbeito uses household objects and pictures to put across the day's vocabulary list. Listeners hear the words again when Roman closes class with a short, slowly spoken talk in English on how to get jobs in New York, or how to take advantage of the city's rent-control laws, or where to go for an inexpensive outing. Other *Inglés* encouragers: clips from English training films, a daily identification-translation contest.

Producer of the new school show is WRCA-TV's Patricia Farrar, 26, who gets up at 3 a.m. to shepherd her crew through a dry run at 4:45 before the live-camera lesson. Wearily, she alibis the rooster-rising hour: 1) nothing else is programmed at 6:30, so the unsponsored show costs the station no revenue; and 2) many Puerto Ricans have jobs that get them up early or keep them out late. Also in the show's favor: 80% of New York's Puerto Rican families own television sets.

The first three shows drew 600 letters. Station Manager William Davidson announced that he would run the show indefinitely, backed up his words by okaying Producer Farrar's request for money to buy a coffee pot.



LEARNING "INGLÉS"
By TV's early light.



SOVIET EXCHANGE STUDENTS ARRIVING IN NEW YORK
The plight of the U.S. peasant depressed them.

Fists Across the Sea

By the book, U.S. and Soviet student delegations making exchange visits arrive bearing bread-and-butter gifts of good will, depart carrying valises loaded with understanding. Last week a squad of aging Russian students who returned to Moscow after a month in the U.S. showed at a press conference that what they understand best is the cold war. They paid brief respects to the hospitality and friendliness of the Americans, then found fault with almost everything in the country they had visited except its mattresses. Some of their objections:

☐ Youth Group Bureaucrat Yevgeni Bugrov, 35, the delegation's deputy chairman, reported that "a whole series of aspects of U.S. higher education did not make a favorable impression on our Soviet students. Payment for the privilege of studying seemed a very peculiar phenomenon to us." Tuition costs "of \$150 to \$450 a semester" make higher education hard to obtain for "children of workers and peasants."

☐ Private hospitals are well-staffed and equipped, but they cost too much, according to a girl medical student. Free hospitals give poor service and have only mediocre equipment.

☐ U.S. students use no Soviet sources when studying the Russian Revolution. Said one delegate: "In the City College of New York all we could find on the Soviet Union were two books—one by an American and one by a German. You can imagine the interpretation they gave."

☐ "Our Ph.D.s are better trained and have more knowledge."

☐ "We repeatedly asked to meet young workers, but nothing happened."

☐ Ninety-five percent of what Americans

read about the Soviet Union is "distorted," although U.S. residents are clever enough to "read between the lines."

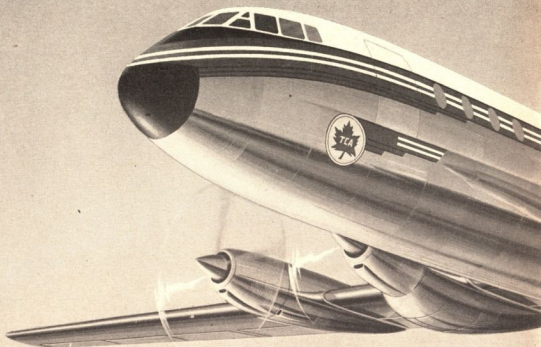
Prospect in spite of it all: more tours, more boozers.

Exams for Sale

Peabody College (in Nashville, Tenn.) is a school for teachers, but last week its most talked-about course was an informal seminar in applied business administration. Graduate Student David Wynne, 26, got the basic idea when he learned that Jesse Shaw, 22, an old friend from his undergraduate days at the University of Tennessee, had signed on at Peabody as night watchman. Watchman Shaw had a key to the college mailroom, where exams are mimeographed, and shortly the operation had its stock in trade. Student Wynne capitalized the venture by selling an exam and a partnership to Roommate Douglas Reeves, 25, for \$20, and they lightheartedly tackled a "Wynne & Reeves, Incorporated" sign on their door. They spread word that question lists for 35 exams were for sale. Prices: up to \$30.

A few days later Wynne & Reeves was just another business failure. Two students tipped off Dean of Administration William C. Jones, got \$30 in expense money from him, bought a bootleg exam. The dean called the district attorney, and investigators raided the apartment, seizing Wynne and the crib sheets. They caught Reeves as he headed confidently for his last exam, armed with some of his own merchandise. The college bounced the student peddlers and fired the watchman, but by the time the bootlegging was discovered, it was too late to substitute exams. Satisfied Wynne & Reeves customers—prospective teachers all—got off scot free, and presumably won straight A's.

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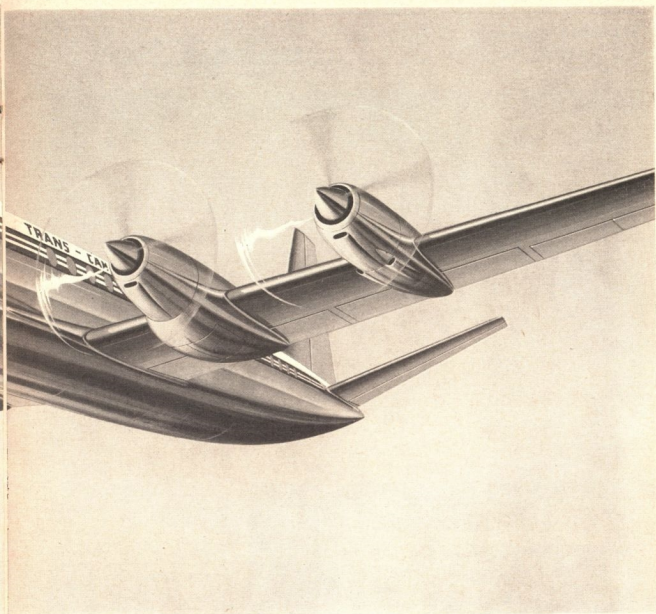
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RELIGION

The Liberal Outlook

Two major challenges within Christianity came into focus at major meetings in Tokyo and Chicago last week. The Tokyo gathering was dominated by restless non-white Christians, who reproached their white brethren for racial prejudice (see below). On the surface, the Chicago meeting of the International Association for Liberal Christianity and Religious Freedom^{*} seemed designed to meet just such reproaches, for its watchword was tolerance. Yet, as its delegates spelled out just what they meant by liberalism, their version of an impeccable Christianity began to look to many a Christian like nothing but a pallid imitation of the real thing.

Demythologization? In the last half-century, said Dr. Wilhelm Pauck, a Congregationalist and professor of church history at Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary, Christianity has suffered serious blows: 1) in terms of influence, it has become a minority movement in the world, and 2) the faithful have deserted organized churches in droves. In short, "Christianity stands at the fringe of the common life today. It no longer shapes it." What happened? According to Dr. Pauck, the fault lies with the churches, which "have refused to demythologize the Gospel . . . They have lost the people because they do not speak to them in their own language."

^{*} The I.A.R.F. was founded in Boston in 1900, mostly by American Unitarians and "other liberal religious thinkers and workers," underwent several name changes throughout the years as it collected kindred groups in other countries.

Dr. Pauck was referring to the theory of German Theologian Rudolf Bultmann (TIME, Sept. 24, 1956) that the forms in which the Gospel is set down had meanings for the people who wrote it which are no longer clear to contemporary men. They must be reinterpreted in order to be understood and communicated. Historian Pauck seems to leave out of consideration, however, the increasing popularity in recent decades of a more demanding, more theological, more supernatural form of religion in both Catholic and Protestant Christianity and in Judaism as well.

Moral Realism? When it came to what to do about the sorry state of the world, the delegates admitted that they had "no simple recipes," fell back on such familiar churchman's clichés as "creative adjustment and accommodation," "painstaking, patient negotiation, preferably through a strengthened and expanded United Nations," and "a stronger measure of moral realism."

Noted speakers for non-Christian religions, including Moslem Muhammad Zafrulla Khan, a judge of the International Court of Justice at The Hague, and Buddhist U Chan Htoon, Justice of the Supreme Court of Burma, contributed speeches of great good will. But it was Rabbi Solomon B. Freehof of Pittsburgh's Rodef Shalom Temple (Reform) who came close to defining much that is wrong with religious liberalism. Said he: There is a "sort of spiritual restlessness, a hunger" in the hearts of modern men, and it is expressed, among other things, by the bestsellers. The type of religion found in popular books about religion, said Rabbi

Freehof, offers a clue to the general religious situation. "People should be concerned with their immortality and the salvation of their souls in eternity, but the books do not show it . . . They deal with the questions of how to live, how to be happy, how to face the world. The spiritual hunger of our day is almost entirely this-worldly. People want help from religion in the present problems, spiritual and ethical, of their daily life. This tendency to be noncreedal and practical is precisely liberalism. There is an unintended but unmistakable liberalism in the popular religious books of the day. This liberal, non-denominational spirituality is all the more interesting because the authors are chiefly churchmen . . . All of this urges a new task upon every modern religion."

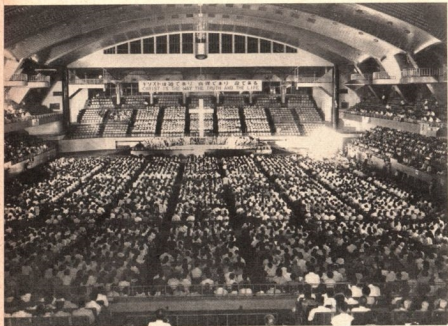
The question remained whether this task is "demythologization."

Sunday School International

Greeting the Protestant delegates at a monster rally in Tokyo's vast Sports Arena, Japan's Buddhist Prime Minister Nobusuke Kishi said politely: "Japan is not a Christian country, but Japanese Christians wield a powerful moral influence out of all proportion to their numbers." Assembled in Tokyo, just 99 years after the first Protestant mission was organized in Japan, were 3,000 Japanese delegates and 1,200 delegates from 62 other nations. The occasion: the 14th World Convention on Christian Education, sponsored by the World Council of Christian Education and Sunday School Association. Theme of the convention was "Christian Education in a Changing World," but Western delegates found that it might more appropriately have been: "The Challenge of Race and Nationalism."

Said one Westerner: "We were made aware that in large parts of Asia and Africa, Western missionary work is now regarded, even by many Asian and African Christians, as mere propaganda for 'imperialism' and 'capitalism.'" Many Asians complained that only three of the 33 members of the world council's board were Asians, and were only partly mollified by the election to the council's presidency of India's Methodist Bishop Shot K. Mondol (succeeding England's Viscount Macintosh of Halifax). Western delegates, proud of the amount of free discussion in the convention, were disappointed to discover that even some of the Japanese clergy strongly suspected that, as one of them said: "This emphasis on discussion groups is just an attempt to make propaganda for your American ideas about democracy and has no direct connection with church work."

In Africa black nationalism is here to stay, said the Rev. Dunstan K. Nsubuga of Uganda, and since the Christians cannot beat it, they had better join it. "Nationalism will spread all over Africa," he said. "In Kenya the Mau Mau movement is still strong. The church should not stay away from the nationalists but try to civilize them—keep them with the West." Mindful of such advice, the convention decided that African Protestants will work



Matsumoto

PROTESTANT RALLY IN TOKYO
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PROTESTANT COUNCIL'S POTTER & COMMISSIONER JACOBS
Birth control or self-control?

The New York Times

out a unified text for Sunday school books, to be printed in 74 African languages. Asians will "stop copying Sunday school textbooks from the West" and develop their own.

Many Asian delegates looked to Japan for leadership. Said the Philippines' Bishop Proculo A. Rodriguez (United Church of Christ): "Why send potential leaders to the West for training when it can be done more quickly and cheaply in Japan?"

Contraception Controversy

God ordained the act of love for man's procreation, and to thwart this purpose is, according to Roman Catholic doctrine, a sinful contravention of God's will. Birth control by mechanical or medicinal means is absolutely forbidden by the church, and women for whom childbearing is a health risk are enjoined to practice abstinence, either total or periodic, from sexual intercourse. It follows that Catholic doctors and nurses may not prescribe contraceptive devices, even for non-Catholic patients. But should Catholics, when they are in a position to do so, stop non-Catholic doctors from prescribing contraceptives for non-Catholic patients?

This question, based on an incident in a New York municipal hospital, is engaging the attention of Protestants, Jews and Catholics throughout the country—outside New York, especially in Connecticut and Massachusetts, where Catholic voters have succeeded in making the dissemination of birth control information illegal. In Brooklyn's Kings County Hospital, Dr. Louis Hellman had been about to fit a contraceptive device to a diabetic woman, mother of three, whose life, in his opinion, would be endangered by another pregnancy. He was stopped from doing so by his supervisor, Dr. Harvey Gollance, acting on the orders of Dr. Morris A. Jacobs (Jewish), commissioner

of hospitals. New York State law specifically authorizes physicians to prescribe birth control devices or drugs if the health of patients requires it. Commissioner Jacobs refused to explain his action, but he was quickly accused of yielding to pressure from Catholics, who have consistently fought any form of birth control in New York's city hospitals.

The Protestant Council of the City of New York, the United Lutheran Church in America, the New York Congregational Church Association, the Presbytery of New York and the New York Board of Rabbis promptly jumped on Jacobs' ruling as imposing a minority's moral theology on the majority; the National Councils of Catholic Women and Men and the Catholic Physicians' Guilds of New York sprang to the support of Dr. Jacobs. New York's Mayor Robert F. Wagner bucked the question to the hospital department. "As a practicing Catholic," Wagner said, he is opposed to the use of contraceptives in city hospitals, but "this is a medical matter—I leave that to their judgment."

Commissioner Jacobs met with President Dan M. Potter and other members of the Protestant Council but said only that he would pass their objections to his policy along to the Board of Hospitals. Last week the pro-contraception forces prepared for a long and drawn-out battle; the American Jewish Congress and the American Civil Liberties Union called a meeting to set up a citizens' committee and consider preparing a case for testing in the courts. Their position was best summed up by an editorial in the New York Times: "Freedom of religion works both ways; and in this delicate area hospitals must certainly remain neutral, neither imposing birth control therapy, when it is medically indicated, on anyone to whom it is religiously repugnant nor withholding it from those to whom it is not."



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MEDICINE

Premature Pill Talk

"A new pill that costs 15¢ looks like your best bet to protect against atomic-bomb radiation," read an A.P. dispatch last week out of Burlington, Vt., citing "top nuclear scientists." The A.P. went on: "You could store it in your medicine cabinet just like aspirin. . . . If you had 15 minutes' warning of an atomic or H-bomb attack, you could gobble one of the pills." Unfortunately, all this was utopian wishful thinking.

The facts, reported by Dr. David G. Doherty of the Atomic Energy Commission's famed Oak Ridge National Labora-

Jungian Togetherness

By the strict letter of their own creed, some of the least likely people in the world to hold a convention are the followers of famed Analytical Psychologist Carl Gustav Jung (TIME, Feb. 14, 1955). Mostly professed introverts, they look disapprovingly on the modern world's passion for extraversion, "togetherness" and "other-directedness." But last week, 45 years after Founder Jung broke with Sigmund Freud, the Jungian school held its first international congress. The locale, inevitably, was Zurich, Jung's lifetime headquarters. There, 120 of the faithful

The Mechanical Freud. When delegates got down to trade talk, it was clear that Jungian psychology today has two factions: 1) an orthodox group in favor of strict adherence to Jung's doctrines and pursuing work only along the lines he has indicated, with emphasis on archetypes, the human race's collective unconscious, and myths; 2) a progressive element in favor of a widened approach to man's problems, including new emphasis on the importance of childhood experiences in molding the adult (an area that Jungians formerly had largely ignored because they felt it was a field in which the Freudians had gone too far). Though Archiater Jung refused to commit himself publicly, best evidence was that he favored the more progressive wing, feared that his movement would die if it became too introverted and parochial. Quipped one delegate: "We made real progress—we didn't stick to Jungian terms and talk only about archetypes. I believe someone even mentioned the word penis."

Whatever their factional differences, the Jungians (many M.D. psychiatrists, but with a liberal sprinkling of intensively trained lay analysts) were united in their opposition to many major trends in the modern world of materialism, scientism, technology. Said New York's Heinz Westman: "The Freudian approach to analysis is mechanistic. Jungians not only believe in but have proof of the creative faculties of the soul, which can cure its own ills."

The delegates unanimously echoed another of Jung's main arguments: To Freudians, they contended, the goal of analytical psychiatry is complete rationality for the patient, so that if fully cured, he will understand all his drives and have no repressions. To Jungians this is a false goal, and as bad as a false god. Said Zurich's Dr. Adolf Guggenbühl: "Man is basically nonrational; he has too many basic, instinctual drives ever to become wholly rational or logical, and medicine must help him to accept this fact." To Jung & Co., the latter-day worship of rationality has its roots in the scientism that gave birth to both the world of technology and the cultural need to venerate rationalism.

Analyze the Healthy. Is there room in such a world for Jungian contemplation, introversion and mysticism? The progressives at Zurich last week were confident that the answer is yes. Their reasoning: the very trends in modern society of which they disapprove increase society's need for analytical help. They foresee a day when mental hospital beds will be reserved for only the most serious, immobilized cases, but the numbers of people undergoing analytic treatment will multiply tremendously. As Practitioner Westman put it: "In the future we shall be analyzing the supposedly healthy people who are walking around today, as well as the obviously disturbed ones. We hope to reach the point where we shall use psychology before a breakdown has occurred." But he did not see the analyst as



ARCHIATER JUNG & DISCIPLE WESTMAN

Stefan Bretschner

"Naturally, analysts will have to be analyzed more and more."

tory: several compounds built around S, 2-aminoethylisothionium (or AET) have been given to rats and mice, monkeys and dogs. Then the animals have been exposed to radiation. Figuring that 400 r. (see SCIENCE) will kill half the animals or human beings exposed to it, Researchers Doherty and Raymond Shapira doubled the dose. Whereas all untreated animals died, nearly all those given a suitable dose of AET survived.

Main trouble: AET is not yet ready even for testing on humans, let alone for the bathroom medicine chest, because it causes too many undesirable side effects—including nausea and a drop in blood pressure. How soon trials in human volunteers can begin, no man knows. (First subjects would be cancer patients who might be able to take higher and more curative doses of radiation.) Other snags: AET must be taken at least 15 minutes before exposure to radiation, gives full protection for only about an hour. It may take years to find related chemicals that will be less toxic and give greater protection for longer periods.

gathered in the university's auditoriums for technical sessions on such topics as "The Problem of Dictatorship as Represented in Herman Melville's *Moby Dick*," and "Practical Problems of Transference and Counter-Transference."

In fact, far more practical problems than these—extending to monolithic leadership, if not dictatorship—beset the Jungians. To the true believers among them, it has never mattered that Dr. Jung and his work failed to attract a worldwide following as numerous as Freud's. (They regard the Freudians as proselytizers, and proselytizing as a reflection of unconscious insecurity.) But they have been so unquestioning in their acknowledgment of Jung's leadership that no one of them is emerging as a possible head man to succeed him. That a successor may soon be needed was clear last week. Carl Gustav Jung, now 83, secluded himself from all but small groups of his followers, who made pilgrimages to his retreat at Küsnacht. Jung made only token appearances at the congress' opening and closing sessions.

a god. Said he: "Analysts are human, wear pants and go to the toilet like everybody else. Naturally, they will have to be analyzed more and more to understand their own problems."

Specifications for Space

What were the airmen doing in the mountains? Late in July a seven-man team from the U.S.A.F. School of Aviation Medicine reached the rock-strewn slopes and box canyons of Colorado's Mt. Evans (14,260 ft.) and there staged some weird exercises. Led by a tall, lean and weathered man in Alpine shoes, long, green wool stockings and climbing knickers, the airmen went on ever-lengthening hikes (from 90 min. to ten hours), ran up and down the steep slopes above timberline, leaped from boulder to boulder. Purpose: Air Force wanted to know whether the human organism can be preconditioned for the peculiar conditions and hazards of space travel.

Pedal Away. Eagle-faced Dr. Bruno Balke, 51, who began his love affair with mountains while a surgeon with Hitler's Alpine troops, first led his team (one other doctor, five enlisted men) to Fairplay, Colo. (10,000 ft.), for hikes of up to three hours. Then he moved up 1,500 ft. to Hoosier Pass and laid on more hikes, extending eventually to ten hours (15 miles), plus intensive series of knee bends and sprints up steep slopes. By easy stages the team advanced to Evans.

Aside from its proud snowcap, the Mt. Evans summit boasts the Inter-University High Altitude Laboratory. There, climbers found a familiar piece of equipment: a massive, steel low-pressure chamber. Dr. Balke wanted to know whether his conditioned volunteers would be as subject to the bends and the chokes (painful, potentially fatal disorders caused by nitrogen bubbling out of solution in the blood) as a man zooming up from sea level.

The men were quickly run up to a simulated altitude of 38,000 ft., where the bends can be expected. They suffered none. Dr. Balke asked the men to do deep knee bends every three minutes (exercise speeds the onset of the bends, intensifies the pain). Still, most of them felt nothing. Physiologist Balke ordered five knee bends every two minutes. At this, most of the men felt twinges and began the descent to higher pressures.

But Master Sergeant Sam Karst, 34, from Greenville, S.C. kept going up. As the altimeter needle circled past the 50,000-ft. mark, his eyes began to glaze, and the veins in his neck stood out like rawhide thongs. After 1½ minutes at an empyrean 55,000 ft. (equivalent to as much as 7½ miles above Evans' peak), Karst had had enough. Said he: "I could have stayed up longer, but I knew I was hypoxied,* so I signaled down."

Sneak Killer. Among other things that Balke & Co. studied was sensitivity to an excess of carbon dioxide in the inhaled air. Odorless and tasteless, CO₂ can be a

* Space Age slang for feeling symptoms caused by hypoxia (insufficient oxygen).

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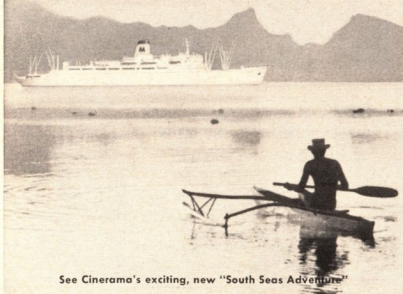
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sneak killer: if something went wrong with his oxygen-recycling system or its indicator, a busy spaceman might not notice it until too late. In the altitude chamber, first Balke and then the airmen mounted an Exercycle. Disguised like Martians in a spirometer (breathing measurement) mask, they pedaled frantically off to nowhere.

With the oxygen circuit closed, and their metabolism rising with exertion, they sent the CO₂ level soaring at a rate of 1% a minute (normal at sea level: about one-thirtieth of 1%). In ten minutes, the CO₂ level was nudging 12%. This was



Pat Colley

DR. BALKE CARRYING TRAINEE
Middle-aged men are best.

about the limit. But Dr. Balke found that his conditioned subjects kept full consciousness longer than lowlanders. Also, they sensed more quickly (thanks to training) the reflexes that indicate the onset of CO₂ giddiness. So they would have more time to do something about it. Aside from advantages in regard to the bends and CO₂, Dr. Balke found that his volunteers, after conditioning, had a higher tolerance for oxygen shortage than at their San Antonio base (elev. 761 ft.). This meant that they could work efficiently at a consistently higher altitude. Furthermore, they could go still higher for emergency periods without ill effects.

What are the specifications for a spaceman? Dr. Balke and his crew supplied partial answers: he will be a lean, athletic type (bulging muscles are useless excess baggage), a scientist, and aged 35 to 45 — men in this bracket have it over their juniors in greater emotional stability, endurance for tedious tasks, and better judgment as the result of longer training and experience.



Photo by Renek

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Rum Old Fashioned →





Niels Lauritzen—Milwaukee Journal
PIZARRO



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TROWBRIDGE



WILLEY

SPORT

Youth Saves the Day

Long overdue, the world champion Milwaukee Braves were finally on the way to nailing down the National League pennant. But the leaders in Milwaukee's pennant push were not only the big names that carried the Braves to the top last year. Added this year were four strong-armed young pitchers who were major-league unknowns when the season started. Last week Milwaukee's four lads were in fine form as the Braves won seven of nine, moved seven games in front of the pesky Pittsburgh Pirates, 7½ ahead of the sagging San Francisco Giants.

In the spring, it had seemed certain that the veteran starting staff of Warren Spahn, Lew Burdette, Gene Conley, Bob Rush and Bob Buhl would soon put Milwaukee out front. But while the Yankees ran off and out of reach of the rest of the American League by late May, the Braves bumbled along into August without showing championship form. After a fine start, Spahn ran into a temporary slump, Burdette could not manage to win consistently. Conley has yet to win a game. Rush did not finish a game in twelve straight starts. Buhl came up with a shoulder injury, has not pitched since May 13. But Manager Fred Haney's youngsters, carefully nurtured in the talent-rich farm system, were ready. The record at mid-August:

Joy Jay, a husky (6 ft. 4 in., 230 lbs.) righthander from Lutz, Fla., matured simultaneously in personality and pitching perspicacity. At Milwaukee's Triple-A Wichita farm (where he won 17, lost ten last year), Joy's temperament was forcibly improved through stern discipline. In 1956 he was socked with a \$500 fine (later reduced to \$250) for throwing his glove, stalling off the field and out of the park in disgust at an umpire's call. Last year, after a tongue-lashing from Wichita Manager Ben Geraghty for not trying hard enough, Jay took hold and won his last six straight. Since becoming a Milwaukee starter this June, 23-year-old Jay won seven, including three shutouts, and lost four. Last week, with relief help from Spahn, he shut out Cincinnati with one hit, 3-0. He has the second best earned-run average (ERA) in the league—1.81;

his losses, all close (1-0, 2-1, 3-1, 4-2), have been mainly due to lack of effective hitting support.

Carlton Willey, a 21-game winner for Wichita last year, overcame a lack of confidence in his curve through the efforts of Geraghty and Wichita Pitching Coach Ted Wilks. Righthander Willey was made to throw curves in tight situations. His catcher would insist on the curve, even after Willey shook off the signal. Result: 27-year-old Willey developed the sharp-breaking stuff he needed to become a starter. He went up to the Braves in June, has pitched three shutouts, won eight, lost three. Last week he whipped Philadelphia twice, 14-3 and 1-0. Willey's ERA: a sparkling 2.11.

Juan Pizarro went to the Braves in 1957 with a big buildup after winning 23 games for the Class A farm club at Jacksonville. The easygoing lefthander from Puerto Rico had control trouble with his blazing fast ball, was sent to Wichita to broaden his line of pitches. Explains Pizarro in broken English: "I got screwie [screwball] now. Learn screwie from Ruben Gomez [of the Giants] in winter league in Puerto Rico. Use it all time now." Back with Milwaukee less than a month, 21-year-old Juan Pizarro parlayed his fast one and the "screwie" into three victories, an ERA of 2.09. Last week he beat Cincinnati, 9-2.

Bob Trowbridge, a bullpen hopeful early in the season, worked long hours with Braves Pitching Coach Whit Wyatt, learned to put a sharper break on his slider. Fortnight ago 28-year-old Trowbridge pitched seven hitless innings against the Giants, is now a valued reliever with an ERA of 3.17.

Should any of the youngsters falter, Milwaukee's fabulous farms are ready with still more hot prospects. Best of the lot: a pair of 22-year-olds at Wichita, Lefthander Vic Rehm (11-5, ERA 2.87) and Righthander Don Nottebart (4-7, ERA 4.50); and two southpaws at the Class AA Atlanta farm, Bob Hartman, 20 (18-9, ERA 2.55), and Ken MacKenzie, 24 (12-7, ERA 3.36). But Manager Haney thinks that he has all the varsity

pitching he needs right now. Says he of his four young pitchers: "Each one pitches a helluva game every time out. They're real good pitchers now, and they're going to be great ones. I hate to think of where we'd be without them."

Scoreboard

¶ The College All-Stars, 131-point underdogs, looked like pushovers for the World Champion Detroit Lions, but by the time the 25th annual All-Star football game (at Chicago's Soldier Field) was over, the college kids had twisted the Lions' tails in a 35-19 victory. After a slow start, the All-Stars put pressure on Lion Quarterbacks Tobin Rote and Bobby Layne, soon got their own offense going. Two Cleveland Browns draftees, Quarterback Jim Ninowski and Halfback Bob Mitchell, teamed up on spectacular pass plays of 84 and 18 yds. for touchdowns. Bobby Conrad of Texas A. & M., who had never kicked a field goal before, booted 4-for-4 from distances of 19 to 44 yds., also added three points-after-touchdown.

¶ Two seasons ago Manager-of-the-Year Birdie Tebbetts led the power-packed but pitching-poor Cincinnati Redlegs out for the National League's second division for the first time in twelve years and finished third, just two games behind the pennant-winning Dodgers. Tebbetts was not satisfied, traded in search of pennant-class pitching. But the Redlegs skidded to last place this season. Birdie, who once said, "A manager should never quit," decided last week to resign, became the fourth major-league manager to bow out this year (the others: Detroit's Jack Tighe, Cleveland's Bobby Bragan, Philadelphia's Mayo Smith). Best bet to succeed him: fiery, onetime Big-League Infielder (Cubs, Dodgers, Braves, Giants, Cardinals) and Manager (Cardinals) Eddie Stanky.

¶ Calumet Farm's Tim Tam, winner of the 1958 Kentucky Derby and Preakness, runner-up in the Belmont Stakes even though he fractured a sesamoid bone during the race, was judged incapable of carrying assigned racing weights despite successful corrective surgery, will be retired to stud in Lexington, Ky. Unplaced in his only race of 1957, the stylish colt, son of Tom Fool, won ten of 13 races this year, earned \$467,200.

MUSIC

Giant at Home

Salzburg conservatives clucked over this year's changes. At the festival where Mozart and the 18th century had once reigned sovereign, this year a 19th century Italian opera (Verdi's *Don Carlos*) had opened the season—with a nearly all-Italian cast. There was even a 20th century opera by, um *Gottes willen*, an American (Samuel Barber's *Vanessa*, which was cheered by the audience, panned by the critics). Although no one in easygoing Salzburg cared to estimate how long it would take, work had even begun on the long-needed new Festspielhaus. Symbol of these innovations was a native Salzburg son, Conductor Herbert von Karajan, who is widely known as "Generalmusikdirektor of the continent of Europe." At 50, Karajan holds no fewer than six of Europe's top musical posts,* races from one engagement to another in his Mercedes-Benz 300SL or a fly-yourself plane. Last week, as he conducted festival productions of *Don Carlos* and Beethoven's *Fidelio*, associates reverently called him "the giant."

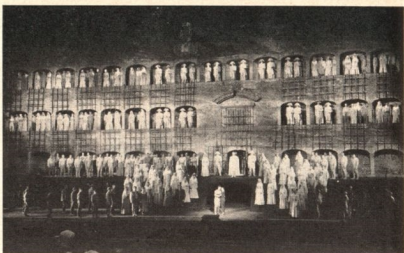
For graceful, greying Herbert von Karajan, such acclaim is routine. What stood out last week was Karajan's marked success in a hazardous venture—combining the jobs of conductor and stage director. In the case of the smashingly successful *Don Carlos*, Karajan left the staging to Germany's brilliant, aging (58) Actor-

* In addition to being the first man to run the Salzburg Festival singlehanded, Karajan heads the Vienna State Opera, Vienna's *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde*, the German wing of La Scala, serves as permanent conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic and chief conductor of London's Philharmonia.



Karl Ellinger

KARAJAN (LEAPING FROM MERCEDES)
Success in a hazardous venture.



Karl Ellinger

SALZBURG'S "FIDELIO," LAST SCENE
Glare in a Mozartean hollow.

Director Gustaf Gründgens. But Karajan himself mounted *Fidelio* in what Salzburg officially translates as "the Rocky Riding School"—a spacious hollow, walled by three tiers of colonnades, all cut out of a rock cliff, where the archbishop's horses used to exercise.* For *Fidelio*, Karajan put prison bars on the arcades during the first three scenes to create an atmosphere of oppressive confinement, opened the last scene with a blinding bath of light revealing the liberated prisoners. Festival visitors and critics generally agreed that not even the late Max Reinhardt, who staged *Faust* in the Riding School, had used the tricky space to better effect.

To Karajan's Beethoven the musical reaction was reserved. Recalling Wilhelm Furtwängler's last Salzburg *Fidelio* (1950), critics complained that elegant, speed-loving Karajan did not have his idolized predecessor's warmth. Wrote one: "Karajan's brilliance has the shining translucency of a perfectly formed icicle." But Karajan's success with the festival public is unshakable (ticket orders this year hit a record high, despite prices which one visitor grumbled are "strictly New York"). And few critics could deny that, along with 81-year-old Bruno Walter, Herbert von Karajan belongs in the topmost level of the world's conductors.

Sound of the Future?

The liner notes on the new record describe the musician: "A short man growing slightly stocky, bald, Napoleonic. Smokes cigars. Can drink four *framboises* after dinner with no decline of intellectual focus. Never eats breakfast. Is generous with money. Could organize and run even the French government. Was a choir boy . . . Has nervous blink . . . Lives near Paris' Place de la Bastille (in an old building; you expect to find J.-J. Rousseau sitting in bed writing when you enter)."

* On two occasions to specially written works (*K. 187, K. 188*) by a teen-age Salzburg: W. A. Mozart.

The individual thus described: charming, highly gifted French Composer-Conductor-Pianist Pierre Boulez, 33. The name is virtually unknown in the U.S., but Americans are sure to hear more of both him and his music, although he makes satanic demands on both listener and performer.

Few First Words. A listener to a new Boulez cantata once recalled the story of the man who took his first bath: "I can't say I liked it, but I think it's something everybody ought to go through once." Despite such reactions, Auvergne-born Pierre Boulez (rhymes with who says), organizer and director of Paris' successful *Domäne musical* concerts of new music, has established himself securely as the undisputed darling of European music's Young Turks. A new Columbia recording* of his 1955 cantata *Le Marteau sans maître*, to a text by Surrealist Poet René Char, gives Americans their first real chance to take a Boulez bath.

To Boulez, Tchaikovsky is "abominable," Brahms "a bore." Twelve-Tone Pioneer Arnold Schoenberg an arrested post-Romantic who "discovered the words but never found the proper syntax for them." Just about the only older composers for whom Boulez has a kind word: Schoenberg's late pupil Anton Webern, and France's 49-year-old Organist-Composer Olivier Messiaen, from whom Boulez sought composition instruction after giving Paris' traditionalist *Conservatoire* the back of his hand ("The composition professors were imbeciles"). From Webern, Boulez derived and refined Schoenberg's twelve-tone technique to its uttermost austerity, and from Messiaen he absorbed an interest in Oriental cultures. Today Old Master Igor Stravinsky, 76, admits that Boulez has influenced even him, regards *Le Marteau* as the "most [attrac-

* Which also includes *Zeitmasse*, an instrumental work (for five woodwinds) by electronic music's outstanding practitioner, Karlheinz Stockhausen (TIME, July 7).

tive work] from a composer of the younger generation." He adds simply: "I like to listen to Boulez." So will the more adventurous and patient among U.S. record buyers.

Uncountable Hours. In dealing with music's four basic elements, Boulez has all but jettisoned conventional melody, turned harmony virtually inside out, distilled rhythm to a subtle juxtaposition of sound and enhanced silence, invoked Balinese *gamelans* and other Oriental sources for new wrinkles in tone color. *Le Marteau* begins with a flurry of seemingly unconnected tones from viola, alto flute and vibraphone, leading into a pointillistic passage that introduces guitar and xyloimba in now-and-then strums and clacks. In another section, the flute meanders insouciantly over an animated background of xyloimba and bongo drums. One movement is a lullabylike colloquy between singer and flutter-tongued flute, reminiscent of Schoenberg's 1912 bombshell *Pierrot lunaire*. Never ear-splitting, Boulez' music seldom rises even to a *forte*. His rhythm is less a matter of meter than of pulse; the music surges forward in rhythmic eagerness, draws up in silence to catch its breath, surges on, halts, proceeds.

To achieve Columbia's shimmering recording of the nine-movement, 29-minute cantata, Avant-Garde Specialist Robert Craft conducted Contralto Margery MacKay and six Hollywood virtuoso instrumentalists in "uncountable" hours of rehearsal, 15 hours of actual recording. Busiest man in the group: the percussionist, whose "kitchen" includes small cymbals, regular cymbals, maracas, tambourines, *claves*, bells, tam-tam, triangle, gong. Not for lazy ears, the piece demands great concentration from listeners, but rewards with a fascinating foretaste of what may very well become the music of the future.



Isaiah Shenker

COMPOSER BOULEZ
Less meter than pulse,

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says DOROTHY MALONE
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GOYA'S "DON VICENTE OSORIO"

ART

Summer Storage

For nine months a year the average art collector cannot be separated from his collection. But in summer vacation time the art turns into a burden, vulnerable to theft and damage. "Most collectors send their paintings to their favorite dealers or store them in a warehouse, or sometimes leave them locked up at home," says Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art Director James Rorimer. "We'd rather have them on our walls."

In 1949 Theodore Rousseau Jr., the Met's curator of European paintings, deciding to hang them there, launched a campaign to persuade collectors to use the museum as their storage room. "I began

asking, 'Are you going away this summer?' and got responses. So I took a gallery, cleared it out and put the paintings in." The Met has continued this policy every summer, given special billing to six summer collectors' shows since 1949. This year's, on view this week in eight newly added Met galleries, is twice as large as any of the past—145 paintings from 25 collections, including many top-ranking masterpieces rarely shown in public.

Hanging the paintings is a persistent problem. Arriving without timetable, the works, ranging from Lucas Cranach the Elder to Picasso, were hard to group by theme or period, but "Paintings from Private Collections" is one of the Met's best ventures. So far, some 70,000 visitors

have flocked in to see it. Prize items: ¶ Florentine Mannerist Jacopo Pontormo's rarely exhibited *Halberdier* (owner: Chauncey Stillman).

¶ Gauguin's *Still Life with Apples*, bought at auction last year by Greek Shipping Magnate Basil Peter Goulandris for the highest known price (\$297,000) ever paid for a modern oil (TIME, June 24, 1957).

¶ Most of the little-seen Stephen C. Clark collection, including Van Gogh's *Café de Nuit*, El Greco's *Saint Andrew*, Rembrandt's *Praying Pilgrim*, Cézanne's *Card Players*.

¶ The seldom shown Siegfried Kramarsky collection, including Van Gogh's *Portrait of Dr. Gachet* and *Garden of Daubigny*, which Hitler ordered sold from German museums because they were "degenerate."

¶ Goya's *Don Vicente Osorio*, portrait of a Spanish prince at the age of ten, owned by the Charles S. Paysons.

¶ A whole roomful of first-class Cézannes.

The Girl in Cherry Ripe

Though she was but four years old when she showed up at a fancy-dress ball in London in 1879, blue-eyed Edie Ramage melted the hearts of her beholders. Reason: she wore a frilled white mobcap and dress, pink sash and shoes similar to those made famous by Sir Joshua Reynolds in his portrait *Simplicity*. So charmed was her uncle, *Graphic* Founder and Editor William Louis Thomas, that he commissioned Painter John Everett Millais to do a portrait of Edie in that same costume. Thomas paid a fancy \$5,000, but used the finished canvas in the *Graphic*, made 600,000 color reproductions and sold them profitably across the Empire. A print of the portrait, known as *Cherry Ripe* because Edie was perched atop two sacks of cherries, became a sentimental adornment in every Victorian and Edwardian nursery.

In the decades that passed, the whereabouts of Model Edie turned into a mystery. One day a fortnight ago, a young

ROCOCO IN MUNICH

I TREMBLE when I look forward to the reopening of the *Residenttheater*, said Rococo Theater Expert Dr. Günther Schöne, director of Munich's Theater Museum. "I am afraid that the new gold leaf will shine too brightly and the walls will lack dust, the patina of age." But after two years of detailed restoration, the interior of Munich's rococo *Residenttheater* last week looked very much like the original—right down to the patina of age.

The jewel-box theater was built during the reign of Elector Maximilian III Joseph (1745-77), of linden wood from the forests of Murnau, following the design of French Architect François de Cuvilliers. In 1781 it was the scene of the first performance of Mozart's *Idomeneo*. But early in the 19th century the Bavarian court lost its taste for curlicues, and for a time the rococo theater served merely as storage place for scenery.

About 1830, workmen took down the theater's interior, but some foresighted official, who knew that the world's taste ebbs and flows, had each piece carefully numbered. In 1857 the tide turned, and the interior was easily reassembled. Twenty-six years later it became the first German theater equipped with Edison's new invention, electric lighting, and in 1896 it boasted the first revolving stage outside Japan.

In 1943, the theater's ornamental caryatids, palmettes, trel-

lises, cartouches and balustrades were painstakingly removed and tucked away again, safe from falling bombs. Local Nazis deemed the mothballing a show of defeatism, called it a crime as bad as flight from the enemy—until Allied bombers wrecked the dismantled building in a March 1944 raid. After the war, with a new, big Festival Theater built on its old *Resident* site, the administration chose a neighboring spot in the former royal Bavarian Residence, and set about rebuilding the rococo house.

A cement slab went up. The interior pieces were returned and artisans began a careful job of restoration. Damaged pieces were repaired, regilded where necessary, and, to match the old tints, rubbed by hand until the dull undercoating peeked artistically through. Then they were set into place again, using the 1830 numbers. Cost: more than \$1,000,000.

One day this summer, with the performance of Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro*, the *Residenttheater* was born anew, and with it, Munich launched a summerlong celebration of its 800th anniversary. Last week, the Bavarian State Opera performed Mozart's *Abduction from the Seraglio* as part of Munich's opera festival. Said *Residenttheater* Restorer Sepp Huf: "We wanted to re-create the warm, glowing, golden tones of the 18th century as a present to the people of Munich on the occasion of their town's 800th birthday. I think they will appreciate it."

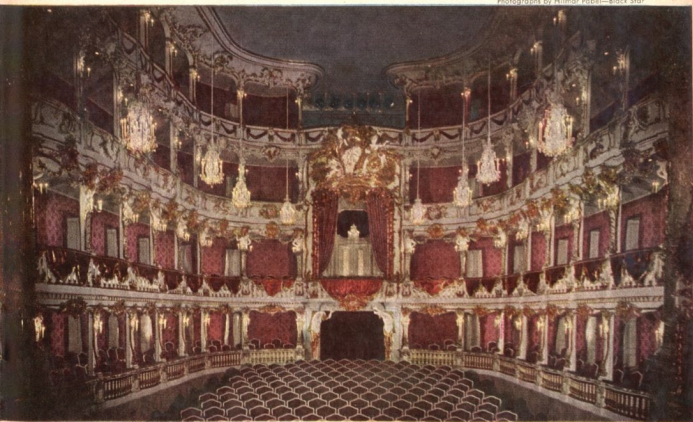


ENTRANCE to Munich's newly re-assembled rococo Residenztheater is framed by two Atlas figures. Theater

was finished in 1753 during reign of Elector Maximilian III Joseph, who refused to hire Mozart as music master.

SATYR HEAD, carved out of linden wood and covered with stone chalk, peers from Elector's loge, is considered theater's best detail.

Photographs by Hilmar Rebel—Black Star



RESTORED THEATER has original decoration but conceals vents for air conditioning, and seats 525 (462 on opera nights) where most of the crowd once stood. To recapture rococo-period

hues, scores of artisans stripped bronze-paint coating from thousands of décor pieces to reveal original 1/5000-mm. gold leaf, hand-repaired each. New exterior is reinforced concrete.



The quiet, spacious comfort and the incredibly smooth ride of the 707 will delight the whole family. You'll be secure in the knowledge that the 707 is made by Boeing, world's most experienced builder of multi-jet aircraft.



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A new kind of luxury awaits you. New spaciousness, new beauty everywhere, improved air and altitude conditioning. Comfortable seats. A cozy, relaxing lounge where you can enjoy congenial company and conversation.

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You'll be able to take your first flight in a Boeing 707 in just a few months, and it will be an exhilarating experience, even if you're a veteran airline traveler. Your first surprise will be the 707 cabin—more spacious, more luxurious than any you've seen before. From the moment of take-off you'll appreciate the

truly revolutionary advantages of jet 707 travel: a smoother, more solidly secure ride than you've ever believed possible. It's restful, serenely quiet. No vibration. Not even a sense of motion, yet you'll be cruising nearly 10 miles a minute! You'll arrive feeling refreshed, almost sorry the trip is over.

These airlines already have ordered Boeing jetliners:

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BOEING 707 and 720

man visited London's Royal Academy of Arts, noticed Millais' *Cherry Ripe* on exhibition in the collection of the late South African mine owner, Sir Joseph B. Robinson. Thomas sold the portrait to Robinson 60 years ago, and it had been stored with the collection since 1910. The visitor strolled up to a gallery assistant, remarked that the model was his grandmother, and that she would soon come in to see the painting.

Unwilling to wait, Academy President Charles Wheeler hastily inserted a "personal" in the famed front-page classified advertising section of the London *Times*



Royal Academy of Art

MILLAIS' "CHERRY RIPE"

"The Royal Academy wish to contact..."

("The Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly, wish to contact the lady who sat..."). With Academy Secretary Humphrey Brooke, Wheeler spent long hours sifting scores of replies from families who claimed that the real model was one of their kin. "Signora Ossorio herself did not answer the advertisement," said Brooke. "but I received an anonymous phone call giving me her phone number in London." Wheeler and Brooke tracked down the new lead, found an Edie Ossorio "still fascinating, vivacious, certainly not looking her 84 years."

"She remembers quite a lot of sittings at Millais' studio," said Wheeler. "She recalls being given chocolates as a reward for sitting still, recollects playing around a fountain in Millais' garden with his children. But she threw up her hands in horror when we suggested she be photographed with *Cherry Ripe*. She was admirably adamant."

As far as the academy is concerned, "the records are now complete." But one mystery remained unsolved. Edie Ossorio does not have a grandson. Who was the young man who sparked the search? Gussed Brooke: "A relative of one of the false claimants."

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\$85,000,000 Up In Smoke

This is the staggering amount of money spent last year on forest fires. In addition to dollars, carelessly caused forest fires consumed enough board feet of lumber to build 50,000 five-room homes. They destroyed wildlife, valuable watersheds and recreation areas.

9 out of 10 of these fires were started by well-meaning but careless people. So please—any time you're out-of-doors be careful with every fire.

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SHOW BUSINESS

Frankie in Madison

The good news flashed through Madison, Ind. (pop. 10,500) like summer heat lightning. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was coming to town to shoot a \$2,500,000 production of James Jones's bad bestselling novel, *Some Came Running*. Local businessmen came running with promises not to raise prices; local police pitched in to protect M-G-M props; the country club and five hotels and motels were turned over to the movie folk. Nothing so exciting had happened to the green, hilly little Ohio River town since P. T. Barnum brought Jenny Lind to sing in the Park Palace in 1851.

Then Frank ("Lover Boy") Sinatra, the picture's hero, lounged into town trailed by a variegated crew of camp followers that included Leo ("The Lip") Durocher, a couple of casual redheads, and a court jester named Mack ("Killer") Gray. Less than a day later, love began to die between Metro and Madison.

Lost Weekend. Frankie Boy started the week by taking his pals up the river to the wide-open town of Newport, Ky. They ate dinner there, watched a floor show, shot craps, played blackjack, tanked up and sluiced back to their rented Madison home at 3:30 a.m. The day's work was scheduled to start grinding at 6:30, and Frankie wobbled to the set on time. The script called for his hero to arrive in town by bus, and half of Madison lined the streets waving and cheering. Frankie appeared to be returning the greetings, smiling through the closed bus window. But back of the sound-killing glass he was snarling out of his hanger: "Hello, fat boy . . . Look at that ugly

broad over there. Hi, you horrible bag."

That night Lover Boy and his pals continued their short trip to a lost weekend. Next day, none of them was in shape to observe the niceties of small-town life. Frankie wandered into a bar, set them up for the house, then took his own beer outside. By the time he learned that carting drinks from place to place is illegal in Madison, the damage was done. "I teach Sunday School," said one distressed citizen. "There are a lot of Methodists here. What a terrible example that man set for our children."

Replaced Redheads. Time out for a squabble with Director Vincente Minnelli held up the picture for most of a day, but it improved Frankie's disposition not at all. Hillside Hotel Clerk John Byam, 66, took a late-afternoon order for hamburgers for the Sinatra ménage. "They called back and wanted two with mustard and one without," says Byam. "Then they said they wanted four. Then five. I got a little flustered. A couple of minutes later, in walked Sinatra and Killer Gray. Gray called me an old bastard, Sinatra grabbed me by my shirt collar and started dragging me around." Scared witless, Byam cried on the hotel manager's shoulder and went home to bed. Not until week's end was John Byam able to get back on the job.

After that, Sinatra's social life began to calm down. He spent his spare time playing gin with his sidekicks, sometimes dropping hundreds of dollars before breakfast. The redheads were shipped home, and a couple of corned replacements reported. There were rumors that Frankie had heaved a beer bottle through a television set, but outwardly all was quiet and the rest of the company was minding its manners. On the movie set, though, morale began to crack. Heroine Shirley MacLaine swore she was worn out from "killing 3,000 gnats." Said a sorrowful character actress: "This is a terrible place. It's even too hot for sex."

Saddest of all were the matrons of Madison. Some of them still loved blue-eyed Frankie. They were working in the commissary just for the kick of serving him, and they were still waiting for him to appear. "I keep looking and looking for him," wailed the wife of a leading Madison merchant. "Oh, why won't he show up?"

Blue Nell Rides Again

Few of them could understand the lyrics, but none of them could escape the tune. Wherever they went in Italy this summer, tourists were attacked by the lilting, insidious and all-but-meaningless lyrics of *Nel Blu, Dipinto di Blu* (In the Blue, Painted Blue). From nightclub star to curb-side troubadour, everyone was belting out the refrain of Italy's most popular song. And the tourists were humming it before they went home.

Last week they were still humming, but the far-off foreign drone had risen to a resounding chorus. By the polls, *Nel Blu* is the hottest song property on the pop music circuit anywhere in the U.S.



MUSICMAKER MODUGNO
"Why he smile at everybody?"

Decca Records, which bought the U.S. rights to the song, is shipping out some 60,000 platters a day (v. 30,000 per day for a run-of-the-scale bestseller). Already, at least 14 American artists have recorded an Americanized version of the song with a new title, *Volare* (To Fly), and new lyrics that bear a little resemblance to the original as they do to poetry. Sample: "Just like birds of a feather, a rainbow together we'll find." When they call their favorite disk jockey, U.S. fans hardly know what to ask for. But whether the title comes out as "Domingo," "Nelly Blue" or "Blue Nell Rides a Blue Pinto," even a monolingual jock knows enough to spin *Nel Blu*.

Gypsy Rhythm. The bestselling version of the song (Decca's) was recorded by Composer Domenico Modugno himself. Last week, as if to make the success official, the swarthy, mop-headed Sicilian followed his voice to the U.S. And as soon as he alighted at New York's Idlewild Airport, exuberantly sliding down the banister of the landing steps, Domenico treated his welcoming committee to a rendering of *Nel Blu*.

Swinging easily from suave, Comostyle sophistication to the animal beat of rock 'n' roll, Domenico still managed to save some memory of the guitars and ritual-dance rhythms of his gypsy ancestors. The freshness of his singing, the unlettered freedom of his song itself are probably due in part to the fact that he has yet to find time to learn to read or write music. His father taught him simple tunes when he was still a barefoot boy barely as big as his guitar. He composed his first song at 14, has been playing ever since.

I Am. As a nightclub singer and composer, Domenico, 30, enjoyed modest acclaim in Italy before he put together



Phil Cole—Madison Courier
SINATRA ON LOCATION
"It's even too hot for sex."

Nel Blu. But he has been a waiter, too, and more recently an actor. He studied at Rome's experimental movie center and once played Athos in a 13-week, filmed U.S. TV series on *The Three Musketeers*.

This week he was supposed to be back on U.S. television with an appearance on the Ed Sullivan Show. But no sooner had Domenico landed than he learned that back home in Rome his wife had given birth to a son, Marco. Tempted though he was to fly home for a prompt look at his heir, Domenico decided that the show must go on. He showed up at the Sullivan show, and to no one's surprise, sang *Nel Blu*. Domenico already has another song written to celebrate the baby's arrival. Its title: *Io (I)*. Says he: "It means 'What is this man coming happy in the street? Why he smile at everybody? He is happy because he is a miracle. He can say 'I,' he can say 'I am.'"

My Fair Comrade

Anxious angels may wonder if they will get their wings clipped by *Goldilocks*, the Walter and Jean Kerr musical due on Broadway this fall; even Rodgers and Hammerstein may worry about their forthcoming *Flower Drum Song*. But there is one show in the works that simply cannot miss. Title: *Moscow-Cheryomushki*. Composer: Dmitry Shostakovich. Book: by Vladimir Mass and Mikhail Chervinsky, two reliable party-line pros. Opening is scheduled for December at Moscow's Operetta Theater, but insiders last week got a preview of the vehicle that is to brighten Russia's winter season.

The show starts with a misty-eyed, reminiscent scene of pre-revolutionary Moscow—the small houses and crooked side streets of the Cheryomushki district, near Moscow University. But before this sentimentality can get out of hand, bulldozers move in. All the old decadence is demolished, and a modern housing development rises on the ruins. Construction workers sing at their jobs; new tenants arrive; all is youth and enthusiasm. Friendships grow and love blossoms.

Least the audience mistake all this for pure uplift propaganda, the librettists give a dutiful nod to the flaws that can be found even in the Soviet soul. A comedy trio of class conscious careerists who are more interested in self-advancement than the good of the group are exposed and punished. A bourgeois, bureaucratic superintendent is lampooned in the hassle that arises from the assigning of apartments. But through it all, the hero and the heroine work at their interior decoration and wait patiently for the fruits of love and Marxism.

Of 21 musical numbers, Shostakovich has already composed 15. The rest will be ready when the cast comes back from vacation for mid-September rehearsals. This is the first time Shosty has done an operetta, but he has turned out plenty of light music for films, and apparently he is again leaning heavily on safely popular folk motifs. The choreography is careful too; jittery western fox trots have been displaced by waltzes and polkas.

The People Getters

It was 5 p.m., and crowds were beginning to swarm across Manhattan toward the trains and buses and subways that would take them home. But for pretty Diane Lawson, 30, it was time to get to work. Diane, a pert, yare redhead, began to patrol the streets. When she spotted a likely prospect, she stopped him with a time-honored approach: "Pardon me, but may I speak to you a minute?"

Diane Lawson was not practicing the world's oldest profession, but one of its newest; she was collecting contestants for TV's talent-hungry quiz shows. Once they



QUIZ SCOUT LAWSON & PROSPECT
'Give it the old bedozz.'

heard her pitch, the people Diane propositioned probably figured that they were headed toward quizzdom's glory. Few realized that the road to the big payoff would be a maze of interminable interviews and pseudoscientific character analyses.

Up & Down. By 8:30 Diane had 15 aspiring contestants gathered at her seedy Seventh Avenue office. Not all of them had been picked off the street—some hopefuls apply by mail, some are chosen from a show's studio audience, others are found by research, e.g., when a show-packaging firm needed a couple that had just celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary, phone calls to catering services finally found one. Wherever they came from, Diane's victims were first subjected to a deceptively friendly interview. Within minutes she knew whether they had the scrubbed All-American look that goes big on *Dotto*, or whether they were "up" enough (i.e., extraverts and potential hams) for *Haggis Baggis*.

The discards were ushered out with ego-salving white lies ("These shows require married people over 35"). The names of a few losers went into Diane's future files under such headings as *Sexy Men*, *Sexy*

Women, *Muscle Men*, *Sophisticated Ivy League*, *Jolly*, *Scrambled Egghead*.

The remaining candidates were shunted into a private office, where Diane's assistant, Doris Hoffman, gave them a fast trout for *Haggis Baggis*. "Give me an explorer who starts with M," snapped Doris at an unsuspecting male. "Give me an article in an office that starts with S," Doris said to a woman. The responses were slow and inept, and Doris blew up like a temperamental movie director. "Do it like this," she cried. "An explorer that starts with M?" She snapped her fingers, tore at her hair, looked agonized, then beamed and shouted: "Oh, that must be the guy they named the straits after—Ma, Ma something. Oh yeah! Magellan. See? You gotta ham it up. Don't just blurt it out. Hold it back, stretch for it. But whatever you do, say something! Give it the old bedozz. You can't just sit there like big blobs of liver."

Jekyll & Hyde. Although Diane's firm, Lawson & Lawson, is the only one of its kind, other agents, mostly women, work the same beat for specific shows. And they stick to much the same criteria. "The ideal daytime quiz couple," says one of Diane's competitors, "comes from Indiana. The boy is 26, the girl 24; they are white and Protestant and they have two kids. Of course, on the intellectual evening shows, like *Twenty-One* and *The \$64,000 Question*, they can't be so choosy—they have to have some brains, too."

Most of the women who work at contestant-collecting claim that the job requires only one real talent: the ability to recognize a phony. "But the one thing we always notice," says one Lawson rival, "is that people tend to change like Jekyll into Hyde the minute they win 25 bucks. They go kind of nuts with that carrot in front of 'em. They win something and boom! All the things you picked 'em for go out the window. All they're thinking about is the damned money."

In the hope of catching the Jekyll-Hyde transformation before it gets on-camera, few shows rely solely on their "people getters." They have their own interviews, their own exhaustive questionnaires. Some of them even require references. Diane, who supplies contestants for both *Dotto* and *Haggis Baggis* (on a regular retainer) and also sends a few to *Lucky Partner* and *Name That Tune* (which pay by the head), conducts her own interviews-in-depth. She is opposed to the popular practice of giving written tests before screening contestants. "Anyone can look bad on written questions," she says. "And anyway, what good is it, however bright you are, if nobody wants to look at you? Look at the meatballs they get on *Twenty-One*."

A onetime millinery model who got into her present work by accident when she pitched in to help her husband, who then worked for *Name That Tune*, Diane likes to think that she is tired of all the interviewing and pavement-pounding. "I've been waiting for years for a cop to tap me on the shoulder and say, 'Lady, what yuh doin'?' God, I wish it would happen so that I could relax."

Love Letters to Rambler



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Bossard, of Bennington, Vt., demands and gets from his Rambler 6! He writes:

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There is much more of a difference between a hotel and a motel than the change of the initial letter.



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Write for illustrated folder

MILESTONES

Born. To William Sylvester Girard, 23, ex-G.I. who was convicted last fall by a Japanese court (and put on suspended sentence) for shooting a Japanese woman scavenging brass from a U.S. Army firing range, and Haru Sueyama ("Candy") Girard, 30, who married him after the killing and before the trial; a daughter, their first child; in Ottawa, Ill. Name: Roxanne Marie. Weight: 6 lbs. 5½ oz.

Married. Marie Dionne, 24, one of four survivors of the famed Canadian quintuplets, who in 1953 entered a convent to become a nun, but left before taking her permanent vows; and Florian Houle, 38, onetime student for the priesthood, and now a clerk at the Quebec Superior Court; in Montreal. Of the living quint, only Yvonne is now unmarried.

Divorced. Rock Hudson (real name: Roy Fitzgerald), 32, he-mandibled cinematic (*A Farewell to Arms*); by Phyllis Gates Fitzgerald, 32, his agent's onetime secretary; after nearly three years of marriage, no children; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. Gladys Smith Presley, 42, mother of Crooner Elvis Presley; of a heart attack; in Memphis.

Died. Gordon Evans Dean, 52, a senior vice president of General Dynamics Corp., onetime (1950-53) chairman of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission and later critic of U.S. atomic policy, assistant dean at Duke University Law School (1930-34); in the crash of a Northeast Airlines Con-vaire; in Nantucket, Mass. (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

Died. Henry Russell ("Red") Sanders, 53, single-winged head football coach at U.C.L.A., witty, whiplashing team driver who pushed the university into big-business football, undefeated Coach of the Year in 1954; of a heart attack; in Los Angeles.

Died. Wolcott Gibbs, 56, writer and drama critic for *The New Yorker* magazine, author of the 1950 Broadway hit comedy *Season in the Sun*, which chronicled the sins and insecurities of the Manhattan literary set's Fire Island summer resort; of a heart attack at his summer home on Fire Island, N.Y.

Died. Frédéric Joliot-Curie, 58, atomic physicist, winner of a Nobel Prize in 1935, member of the French Communist Party's Central Committee, winner of a Stalin Peace Prize in 1950; following surgery for an internal hemorrhage; in Paris. Marrying Irène Curie, daughter of Radium Discoverers Pierre and Marie Curie, Frédéric Joliot added their name to his own. With his physicist wife, who died of leukemia in 1956, he won the Nobel for discovering that radioactivity could be produced in the laboratory in elements which were not naturally radioactive. This

first opened the possibility of widespread use of radioactivity in biology, medicine and other scientific fields. A resistance fighter during World War II, Joliot-Curie became French High Commissioner for Atomic Energy in 1946, was dismissed from the job in 1950 because of his Communist affiliations.

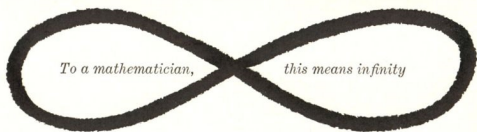
Died. Oliver Ridsdale Baldwin, 2nd Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, 59, sometime Labor member of the British Parliament, governor of the Leeward Islands (1948-50), leftist son of the late between-the-wars Prime Minister and Conservative Leader Stanley Baldwin; following surgery for a gastric ulcer; in London. Oliver's politics shocked the elder Baldwin, and the son was not overawed by his father's achievements. "He has been lucky," Oliver wrote in 1937. "His patience and inborn laziness have been among his greatest assets."

Died. Malcolm Lockhead (changed from Loughhead), 71, aeronautical engineer, founder with his brother Allan of the Lockheed Aircraft Co.; in Mokelumne Hill, Calif.

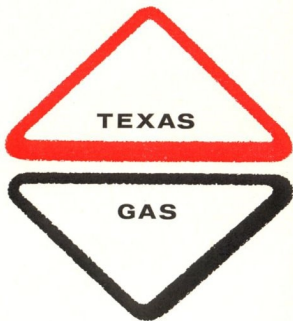
Died. Mary Ritter Beard, 82, historian, co-author with her late husband Charles A. Beard of *The Rise of American Civilization* and *A Basic History of the United States*; in Phoenix, Ariz. Mary Beard argued that, between the sexes, women hold the lesser place in history because men write the history books.

Died. Anson Phelps Stokes, 84, elder statesman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, longtime canon of the Washington Cathedral, secretary of Yale University (1899-1921), author of the three-volume *Church and State in the United States*, father of Anson Phelps Stokes Jr., Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts; in Stockbridge, Mass. In 1900 he was graduated from the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Mass. Named secretary of Yale at 25, he also served as assistant minister of St. Paul's Church in New Haven, Conn. from 1900 to 1918. As canon of Washington Cathedral (1924-39), he organized the Committee on Religious Life in the capital, gave his energy to the advancement of Negroes, was a trustee of Tuskegee Institute.

Died. Chevalier Jackson, M.D., 92, laryngologist, developer and master manipulator of the bronchoscope, the tool long used by physicians in removing foreign bodies from the lungs; in Philadelphia. From throats, lungs and stomachs, Dr. Jackson scooped up pins, pin money, and such exotic finds as a padlock, a pocket watch, a crucifix and a toy battleship—all swallowed by his patients, who in decades past, to a chorus of headlines, were sped from all parts of the U.S. to his Jackson Bronchoscopic Clinic at Temple University Hospital.



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S E R V I N G T H E B I G R I V E R R E G I O N

NAA is at work in the fields of the future





Nebraska broke ground June 28 for its first atomic electric station. Atomics International Division is building the nuclear power reactor.

A report on America's amazing 12-year-old:

The PEACEFUL ATOM

YOUR TEENAGER knows more about the atom than most of his elders. Strange new terms are in everyday use in his science class: *fission, radioisotope, plutonium, half-life*. They're part of the new language of the Peaceful Atom.

The Peaceful Atom began as a hope that the boundless energy of the atom could be put to creative use for the good of man. The task was formidable. Atomic science was long on theory, short on technology. Totally new engineering problems had to be solved before this promising new source of power could be developed.

Yet today—just twelve years later—the Peaceful Atom is rapidly becoming a practical reality. Thousands of American homes already are using electricity from the atom. Several large-scale power reactors are in construction and many more are being planned. Vast deposits of uranium have been discovered—enough to supply all of America's power for a thousand years.

Because of America's abundant coal, oil, gas, and water power, the need for atomic electricity is not yet urgent. But in the rest of the world the need is *now*. In fuel-poor regions it already would cost less to make electricity from the

atom—for one pound of uranium can supply as much electric power as about 1300 tons of coal.

Two power reactors of great promise have been developed by the Atomics International Division of North American. Prototypes of both have been operating successfully for over a year. AI is now building a 75,000 kw version of its sodium-graphite reactor for Consumers Public Power District of Nebraska, and a 12,500 kw organic-moderated reactor for Piqua, Ohio. Both types are suitable for much larger power stations, and the organic-moderated reactor seems ideal for propelling large merchant ships and supertankers. AI is also developing an

advanced reactor concept for a group of southwestern utility companies.

Research reactors built by AI are in service in Japan, Denmark, West Germany, West Berlin, and Italy. The division's headquarters in Canoga Park, Calif., have become a worldwide center of nuclear technology.

In other fields of the future, NAA supplied the rocket power that put the Army's Explorer satellites into Outer Space... pioneered the development of a new system of space navigation... and is building America's first manned space ship, the rocket-powered X-15.



A North American contribution to the International Geophysical Year was the rocket power that put Army's Explorer satellites into Outer Space.

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STATE OF BUSINESS

Inflation: Unlikely

To hear the growls of the economic bears, the U.S., having just turned the recession around, now stands tottering on the brink of something disastrous called "inflation." But does it? The U.S. could indeed have serious inflation if fiscal irresponsibility at Government levels piled up national debts heavier than the economy can absorb. It might also have inflation if the wage spiral got out of hand, or if capacity to produce fell so far short of demand that prices suddenly shot up by 10% or 20%. It will not have "inflation" by any sensible definition of the word so long as the U.S. can manage its debts and prices rise by 1% or 2% each year, for as economists now know, such gently rising prices are expectable—and even necessary—in a growing economy.

Last week, in a calm, sober study, Roy L. Reierson, vice president and chief economist of Manhattan's Bankers Trust Co., concluded that the bearish worries had far outrun the possibilities. "There is some feeling that the American economy may, within the next few years, be engulfed by a speculative, inflationary burst involving a flight out of dollars and money assets and into tangible property, gold or equities. The odds do not seem to favor such a prospect at this time."

Though the federal deficit will continue to be large, possibly running to \$10-\$12

billion next year, it will still represent less than 3% of the gross national product, hardly a harbinger of runaway inflation. The bothersome rise in the wage-price spiral will be slowed by several deflationary factors: widespread overcapacity in basic industries, a squeeze on profit margins, no recurrence of a labor shortage as working-age population rises. What the bank expects is a relatively stable growth pattern over the next five years, with prices rising a modest 1% or 2% each year. Any further acceleration in prices could be cramped politically by Government controls or higher taxes. "Thus," concludes Economist Reierson, "unless the U.S. adopts fiscal irresponsibility as a way of life or, of course, we become involved in another war, an inflationary binge appears unlikely."

The Federal Reserve Board last week demonstrated the kind of fiscal responsibility that Economist Reierson was talking about. Deciding that it was time once again to lean gently against the economic winds, FRB gave the San Francisco Reserve Bank permission to hike its discount rate from 1½% to 2%, the first such credit-tightening boost in eight months. The other eleven Federal Reserve banks will probably follow suit soon, thus signaling that 1) the Fed agrees that the recession is over, and 2) it is on guard to make certain that the recovery proceeds in a sound, orderly fashion.

The New Cars

Everyone agrees that the recession has just about run its course. But before anyone draws an easy breath, he wants to see what will happen to the automobile industry this fall.

This week, without contracts and with a vague strike threat in the air, furloughed Detroit workers were back on the assembly line, putting together cars for a new and hopefully better model year. Down the line with a clatter came the first 1959s. Buick was slated to start first; four Chrysler divisions—Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler and Imperial—planned to tailgate close behind. Chevrolet and Plymouth were both to close out their 1958 model runs, quickly move new dies into place for 1959. Only Ford held aloof, will produce 1958 Mercurys, Fords, Lincolns and Edsels through August.

Year to Forget. As matters stood, 1958 was a year Detroit's automakers would like to forget. The worst year in recent history saw production plummet 30% from 1957's 6,212,000 cars to a projected 4,326,700 (see box). Sales were down 28% to the lowest point since 1949.

By now Detroit was through alibiing for '58. It knew all the reasons by heart: the recession, the loss of car prestige (and keeping up with the Joneses in other ways), high prices, too much chrome, those foreign cars, lack of salesmanship, etc., etc.

Having learned 1958's lessons, the industry made some major decisions for 1959. In general:

❑ Restyling is widespread (at a total cost of \$750 million). Main points: The fins win; they stay, flaring upward and outward. Chrome will be a little less glittering, and hung on cars stretching wider, lower and longer than any before.

❑ The horsepower race is apparently over; increases will be generally small.

❑ That much talked about "Detroit small car?" At least a year away, though there may be a push on six-cylinder economy models.

Masonic Secrecy. The model changes, as usual, were treated with the secrecy of a Masonic initiation. But it was an open secret that only Cadillac and Lincoln will be content with a minor facelift.

Chevrolet has a completely new rear end. The rounded gull-wing tail is gone, replaced by outflaring V-shaped fins. General Motors' 1959 Chevy will also be lower, has a big increase in glass area, new grille and bumpers.

Ford will have new bumpers and fenders, more pronounced fins, round instead of oval tail lights. The grille is new to avoid last year's cheese-grater effect. The new Ford look: "quiet refinement."

Plymouth will replace 1958's notched, jetlike tail fin with a smooth flare, is adding a new grille, huge bumpers at front and rear.

De Soto will have a forward-sloping

AUTO PRODUCTION

The drop in auto production from the boom year of 1955 to the leaner days of 1958 comes into sharp focus in these tables compiled from industry statistics for each of the last four model years from first production to final changeover.

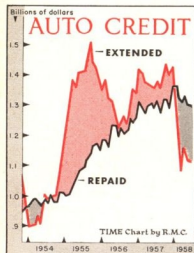
	1958	1957	1956	1955
Chevrolet	1,283,052	1,552,471	1,617,398	1,766,013
Ford	961,236	1,655,068	1,468,734	1,451,157
Plymouth	399,236	662,824	526,852	672,130
Oldsmobile	296,369	384,392	485,459	583,181
Buick	241,908	405,086	572,024	738,814
Pontiac	217,282	334,041	405,730	554,090
Rambler	162,182	84,699	66,573	81,237
Dodge	138,166	281,359	233,686	273,286
Mercury	128,270	286,163	327,943	329,808
Cadillac	121,083	146,840	154,631	140,778
Edsel	60,754			
Chrysler	60,601	115,858	120,721	147,605
De Soto	51,359	117,326	107,439	112,910
Studebaker	44,056	68,069	76,545	125,340
Thunderbird	34,000	21,380	(incl. in Ford total)	
Lincoln	28,504	41,123	50,322	27,222
Imperial	15,987	35,734	10,685	11,432
Packard	2,610	4,761	28,835	55,247
Nash		10,330	22,239	40,133
Hudson		4,180	10,671	20,321
Continental		587	2,413	(incl. 7 mos. 1955)
	4,246,655*	6,212,291	6,288,700	7,130,704

* Plus estimated 80,000 Ford Motor Co. production before 1959 changeover.

hood, lower front fenders, new grille, bumpers and trunk lid. Dodge, Chrysler and Imperial will get much the same "dart" treatment.

Edsel has a wider, lower look, though the purse-mouthed grille remains. Prices: closer to Ford to reduce competition with Mercury.

Pontiac will be longer, lower, will sprout



tail fins. Headlights will be more widely spaced; the scooped-out rear fenders will now be convex.

Demand Backlog. If U.S. car buyers approve, Detroit's automakers see a banner year ahead (see below). The economy is picking up steam, giving potential car buyers confidence to unlock their savings. Economists figure the average age of the U.S. auto on the road at 5½ years, a healthy old age that should create a huge unfilled backlog of demand. One result of the recession is that consumers have concentrated on paying off old cars, shied away from adding new debts (see chart). Last year Detroit estimated that 1957 repayments would add 1,000,000 potential customers to its 1958 market; most of those customers are still waiting, joined by many thousands more who paid off their cars this year.

One thing that could hold back a real sales rise is price. The industry desperately wants to hold the line. But with wages and other costs rising steadily, everyone expects still another round of price increases. Best estimate: a \$50 to \$175 hike, depending on model. The big question is whether the U.S. public, which has stoically watched prices rise with the fins, will part with that much more to buy a new car.

Birthday Message

The president of the world's biggest industrial company was 65, and the citizens of Flint, Mich. gathered to do him honor. As General Motors' Harlow Curtice waited in the wings of Flint's Industrial Mutual Association auditorium, an orchestra played *You, Gee, But You're Wonderful*, *You*, and colored balloons

floated above the linen-covered tables. Then up stepped Curtice, the very model of a modern American optimist, with some cheery predictions for the future. Said Curtice, who has been more often right than wrong: In 1959 the auto industry will sell about 5,500,000 cars (v. an estimated 4,300,000 in '58), which in turn will "start a chain reaction throughout the whole economy. I should expect a further increase in the gross national product in the fourth quarter, and that this improvement would gather momentum through 1959."

The uptrend, said G.M.'s boss, has already begun. Industrial production has recovered from the April low; housing starts, retail sales, Government expenditures and personal income are all moving up (see below). And for the longer term — by 1965 — Curtice was even more optimistic. Reasons:

- ¶ A rise in gross national product from \$428 billion to \$600 billion.
- ¶ A rise in households from 50 million to 56 million.
- ¶ A rise of one-third in disposable personal income to a total \$420 billion.
- ¶ A rise of 46% (to 11 million) in the number of families with two or more cars.
- ¶ A rise of two-thirds (to 13 million) in households with incomes of \$7,500 annually.

Concluded Curtice: "By 1965 it is reasonable to assume that the demand for new passenger cars will be in the area of 8,000,000 units annually."

Quickening Recovery

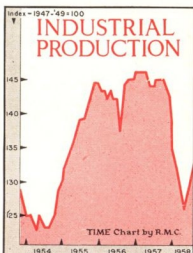
Washington's statisticians released still more figures showing that the economy's rebound from recession, already sharper than in any other postwar upturn, is picking up speed. Items:

- ¶ Industrial production for July stood at 133 on the Federal Reserve's index, up three points since June and seven points higher than the recession low of 126 in April (see chart). At this rate, say economists, the pre-recession level of 145 in August 1957 may well be topped before year's end.
- ¶ Personal income rose to an annual rate of \$354.5 billion in July, highest in history. The new level was \$2.5 billion higher than in June and \$2.4 billion higher than the previous record of \$352.1 billion, also set in August 1957. Main reasons for the jump: a \$1 billion rise in private-industry payrolls, plus another \$1 billion increase in the federal payroll.
- ¶ Housing starts rose to an annual rate of almost 1,160,000 in July, 14% higher than the rate in July 1957 and the highest in 2½ years. FHA, VA and conventionally financed housing all shared in the increase, which was particularly noticeable in the North Central and Western states.
- ¶ Corporate dividends for seven months ending in July amounted to \$6,271,000,000, a decline of less than 1% from \$6,312,500,000 paid out in the same period of 1957, despite all the smoke and fire over reduced earnings.
- ¶ Department store sales for July climbed

to 140% of the 1947-49 average, up from 133% in June. At the new level sales are only four points below the alltime record set a year ago this month.

¶ Steel production was scheduled to rise for the sixth consecutive week to 61.4% of capacity, reflecting an earlier-than-expected fall pickup in orders.

The one big disappointment last week



was employment. Though July employment rose to 65,179,000, an increase of 198,000 over June, and unemployment fell to 5,204,000, a drop of 143,000 from June, both changes fell short of the normal improvement for this time of the year. Business was certainly speeding up, but there were still areas where part-time operations had to get back on a fulltime basis before furloughed workers could be called back.

Earnings Zigzag

More second-quarter-earnings reports last week indicated where business recovery is rapid and where it is slow. It is rapid in some aircraft companies, in machinery makers, rubber and steel. It is slow in base metals and oils, which still suffer from low prices and excess capacity. Both Anaconda Co. and Kennecott Copper Corp., the country's two biggest copper producers, failed to cover their dividends; Kennecott chopped its quarterly payment from \$1.50 to \$1.

QUARTERLY EARNINGS		1st	2nd
(in millions)			
METALS			
Aluminum Ltd.	\$ 5.3	\$ 5.1	
Anaconda	6.1	4.6	
OILS			
Amerasia	5.6	4.3	
Getty Oil	7.1	.9	
AIRCRAFTS			
United Aircraft	11.5	10.8	
General Dynamics	9.9	10.2	
MISC.			
Goodyear Tire	10.9	16.4	
International Paper	16.2	14.1	
C.I.T. Financial	9.4	10.2	
Food Machinery	3.3	5.0	
Kaiser Industries	2.9	4.0	
Pan American	3.3 (loss)	1.7	

LONG-TERM CONTRACTS

The Price of Peace Comes High

AS negotiators hammered out new labor contracts in half a dozen big U.S. industries last week, long-term labor contracts that hand out automatic annual pay boosts came under increasing fire. In this recession year, more than 4,000,000 U.S. industrial workers will pocket automatic increases averaging 8¢ an hour under contracts signed during the boom years of 1955-56-57; some 4,300,000 U.S. workers will also take home cost-of-living raises averaging 3¢ to 4¢ an hour—while industry's earnings are expected to decrease by about \$2.5 billion. Businessmen who championed long contracts as a prerequisite of labor peace now wonder if the game is worth the candle. As one top Government labor expert says: "People are becoming disillusioned. Three to five years is a long time in a period of economic change."

Businessmen are well aware that long-term contracts have many advantages. Management need not fear a production-crippling strike for three, four, even five years. Long-term contracts spare labor and management alike the heavy expense of time and treasure that yearly bargaining sessions require. With a fixed wage pattern, companies can plan ahead years in advance, knowing what their labor bill will be; they are able to guarantee delivery without interruptions. Were it not for long-term contracts in the auto industry, for example, countless auto suppliers would live from hand to mouth, not knowing from one day to the next if they could continue operating. The longer contracts thus make for stability.

The other side of the coin is that long-term contracts often cost more than they are worth. Insiders say that General Electric thinks it paid too dearly for the five-year contract that it happily signed with the International Union of Electrical Workers in 1955's boom year, now wants no more long-term pacts. Union Carbide also signed its first long-term contracts in 1955—for three years—and once was enough. Labor costs have jumped most in precisely the areas where profits declined most. Last April, Union Carbide's contracts compelled it to hike wages 14¢ an hour in plants where 40% to 50% of the workers were laid off. In the future, Carbide will aim for one-year wage pacts. As for cost-of-living escalator clauses, says Union Carbide Industrial Relations Vice President Carl Hageman, "we'll take a strike anywhere rather than agree to that."

Many big companies still like long-term contracts. General Motors' position: the longer the better for all concerned. Yet even G.M., which started the trend to lengthy contracts by signing the first important five-year pact with the United Auto Workers in 1950, has been burned. In the first half of 1958, when earnings dropped by \$147,700,000, its labor bill went up per worker, because of a cost-of-living rise. G.M., U.S. Steel and the other giants can afford such bumps as the price of labor peace. Many a smaller company cannot. Says a spokesman for another automaker: "The ups and downs of the business cycle have a less basic effect on G.M. than on us. We feel better with a contract negotiated every year or two years."

Shorter contracts also are preferred by firms in fastmoving industries where technological changes come with dazzling rapidity. A rigid, long-term contract only tends to damage their competitive position. Electronics firms and oil producers must have flexible labor relations if they hope to take advantage of technological breakthroughs. In aviation, Lockheed and other planemakers prefer short-term contracts, not only because the state of the art is proceeding in quantum jumps, but also because the business itself comes in fits and starts.

Another major effect of long-term contracts is to nudge the price spiral higher. Long-term contracts boosted the steel industry's labor bill by 26¢ an hour last month; steel prices advanced soon after by \$4.50 per ton at a time when many experts argued strongly for price cuts to stimulate the nation's economic recovery. Money-losing railroads were obliged to hike hourly wages by 12¢ last November, pile on 4¢ more in April, now are slated for a third 7¢ jump this November. Meanwhile, they fall deeper into the red, though both passenger and freight rates are going up.

No one wants to scrap long-term contracts altogether. More and more companies now aim at the compromise middle ground of a two-year contract. What U.S. industry also needs is a contract that will give it some of the same protection that U.S. labor gets. Just as labor's wages are often pegged to the cost-of-living escalator, so might they be tied to earnings, with the automatic wage boosts being granted in fat years and withheld in times of temporary recession. In a dynamic economy, the escalators should run in both directions.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Back to Sea

Along the oil-soaked quays of Hamburg, West Germany's biggest port, 200,000 people cheered wildly last week as the S.S. *Hanseatic* hove into view, ending its maiden voyage to New York exactly on schedule, for Hamburg and all of West Germany, the voyage was indeed cause for celebration. The newest, biggest (30,029 gross tons), fastest (21 knots) liner under the German flag, the *Hanseatic* represents a mighty step forward in a mighty comeback for West Germany's merchant marine. For the first time, total tonnage has climbed above prewar levels.

Taxes & Tourists. With many former German shipyards now in Communist territory, West Germany still ranks only tenth in world tonnage, 7.5th before the war. But the fact that it has climbed even that high is remarkable, because World War II wiped out the German merchant marine. Ninety-seven percent of Germany's total tonnage was sunk or captured, the rest confiscated. Scraping together what slim funds were available, German shipbuilders started in 1949 to rebuild their fleet. To help them along, the government decreed that money invested in merchant ships could be deducted from income tax. By 1957, Germany's merchant tonnage had soared from next to nothing to 4,300,000 tons.

Lines that were out of business started up again, new ones were organized. The owner of Germany's *Hanseatic* is the new transatlantic Hamburg-Atlantic Line, which was formed in 1957, paid out \$3,000,000 for the 28-year-old Canadian Pacific liner *Empress of Scotland*. The *Hanseatic* was completely refurbished (sixth deck, new aluminum superstructure, new stacks) in Hamburg's Howaldtswerke yard by 2,000 artisans who worked around the clock to finish it in six months.

Last week the German press lifted the well-kept secret of the *Hanseatic's* financial backers, revealed that the Hamburg-Atlantic Line is 60% owned by Greek Shipper Nicos Vernicos-Eugenides, president of Home Lines, one of the world's biggest transatlantic carriers, and 40% owned by wealthy German Cigarette Maker Philipp F. Reemtsma. Vernicos and Reemtsma put up \$2,400,000 of their own money, borrowed the rest from German banks, got the big Hamburg-American Line (which has 41 freighters, one passenger ship) to manage the *Hanseatic*. In a poll of transatlantic traffic, they discovered a trend to tourist-class travel, shrewdly made the 1,254-passenger *Hanseatic* 93% tourist class and expect full booking.

Old & New. Though Hamburg-Atlantic is moving fast on Atlantic sealanes, the wonder boy of German shipping is a handsome, lean, baking-powder scion named Rudolf August Oetker, who started from scratch and now surpasses both Hamburg-American and its fellow giant, North German Lloyd. Taking advantage of the government tax law (which was repealed 3½ years ago), Oetker invested his big baking-powder profits in shipping. Oetker today

"We made a family project of building self-confidence(...and it's working!")

This is Dallas and Bessie Poteet speaking. They live in Velma, Oklahoma. The parents of four boys, they have kept family ties strong by working and playing together. Their interests range from an oil field equipment business to the breeding, raising, and training of quarter horses. Recently they joined in an enterprise that has given new unity and meaning to their family relationships . . . they took the Dale Carnegie Course together. Why? What could this well-adjusted, successful family possibly gain from it? Listen to Mrs. Poteet; "The things it did for my family were beyond my expectations. Dallas, my husband, has always had plenty to say, but somehow has never had the confidence to say it. Today meeting people is easy for him, and he speaks with ease, even before a big audience. Jimmie, our teenager, has a better understanding of us as parents and what makes us think and act the way we do."

Men and women everywhere are taking time out from busy days to develop their unused abilities; to add ease and confidence to communicating their ideas; to reach for more satisfying business, civic, or family lives through Dale Carnegie training. Now, while you're giving thought to your own future, write for details on this constructive and practical adult education program.



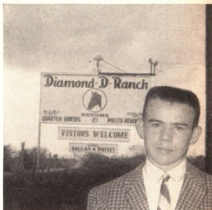
DALE CARNEGIE

DALE CARNEGIE COURSES

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■ "Adren found that the Dale Carnegie Course did a lot for him. He can remember names much better and speak convincingly before groups. It is all helpful to his men's wear business."



■ "Jimmie, our teenager, was elected vice-president of his 4H Club. The Course gave him the ability to express himself, as well as a better understanding of people. He has made many new friends."



■ "Bill and Bob work with us in the oil supply business. The Dale Carnegie Course helped Bill create better business relationships and develop his confidence."





controls the largest single German merchant fleet in terms of tonnage, consisting of 40 modern freighters and tankers totaling 375,000 tons.

For Oetker and other shippers, Germany's booming shipyards offer efficient, craftsmanlike production, low labor and materials costs. They compete evenly in price and production with Japan (now seventh in world shipping tonnage) and are second in world ship orders (just behind Great Britain), with contracts at the beginning of this year for 517 merchant vessels totaling 5,400,000 gross tons. More than a fifth of the total will go to West Germany's own merchant marine. And to back up the new ships, German shippers are prowling world markets for old vessels that can be converted, like the *Hanseatic*, into big money-makers. North German Lloyd, which now has 37 freighters, one passenger liner, is hard at work on the old French liner *Pasteur*, turning it into a new *Bremen* that will carry 1,100 passengers across the Atlantic at 24-knot speeds that match all but the biggest superliners. Maiden voyage: May 1959.

INDUSTRY

The Quiet Highwayman

The U.S. got a topnotch builder last week to straw-boss its 41,000-mile interstate-highway program. In Washington, Federal Highway Administrator Bertram Tallamy chose Ellis Leroy Armstrong, 44, a nondrinking, nonsmoking, nonconsuming Mormon who heads Utah's Road Commission, to be his "executive vice presi-

dent" and the man responsible to oversee actual construction. As commissioner of the U.S. Bureau of Public Roads, Armstrong not only must pour the concrete, but also smooth the waters as conciliator between the states and the Government on history's biggest public works project.

Low Pressure. Armstrong learned his engineering at Utah State ('36), sharpened it as a U.S. Bureau of Reclamation

dam engineer from 1936 to 1953. Moving on to Egypt's controversial—and still un-built—Aswan High Dam project as a U.S. consultant, he showed plenty of diplomatic savvy in reconciling the divergent views of U.S. and Egyptian engineers during preliminary work. Later he took over as director of dams on the St. Lawrence Seaway project, another job that required low-pressure diplomacy to resolve the conflicting desires of the U.S. and Canada. Last year Armstrong took a pay cut of almost 50% to go home to Utah and a \$14,000-a-year job as director of the state's Road Commission. Utah was lucky to get him. Armstrong lifted Utah from 48th to 34th among states in getting its share of federal highway work under way, increased the amount of contracts let by Utah almost fivefold. Of his new \$17,000-a-year federal assignment, Armstrong says: "This is a job of coordination and cooperation on a gigantic scale. We won't have to resort to any Russian methods to get it done."

Armstrong's toughest task will be to needle those states that have lagged behind building schedules (*see map*). Several states are bogged down because they cannot raise their own 10% contribution to match the Government's 90% outlay. Among the laggards: West Virginia, Indiana, Wisconsin, Nebraska, South Dakota, Montana, Idaho.

High Gear. Fastest progress has come in the large, rich states, notably California and Ohio, which were pushing their own major road-building programs when the federal-aid Highway Act was passed



ROAD BUILDER ARMSTRONG
Cooperation on a giant scale.

This year's crop of wheat alone is estimated at 1.1 billion bushels.



Soon a record grain crop will be harvested. To avoid spoilage and loss, it must be properly dried before storing. Drying, once a gamble against the weather, now is done mechanically—a job aided dramatically by Honeywell's Grainwatcher. By measuring and controlling temperature and humidity within the bin, this unique automatic control maintains ideal conditions for fast drying and safe storage. The Grainwatcher is one of many Honeywell controls that bring benefits of industrial automation to America's farms. For more information, write Honeywell.

Honeywell

Minneapolis 8, Minnesota



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in 1956, came into the program well prepared. Most of the modern state toll roads already built will be incorporated into the new interstate system, e.g., the straight, broad New York Thruway, the Pennsylvania and Ohio turnpikes. Solid advances in building new roads also have been scored by Maryland, New Mexico, Missouri, Washington and Illinois.

Despite the scattered slowdowns, the highway program is beginning to move out of first gear. Construction of 1,952 miles of the massive interstate system is already completed, another 3,159 miles abuilding. Within a year, says the Bureau of Public Roads, concrete results will become visible across the nation. In 1958 alone, \$6.2 billion will be spent on public highways. And next year the figure will ride up to \$7.1 billion, more than half the amount that travel-loving Americans are expected to spend on new cars in 1959. Total estimated road outlays from 1959 to 1962: \$30.2 billion.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Products

Nonskid Package. The first corrugated packaging material with built-in skid resistance for fragile cartons was brought out by Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp. Called Skid-Master, the paper has a special abrasive worked into its surface that prevents sliding, was tested for six months by beverage and food makers.

Lifetime Heel. That bane of woman's existence—the broken heel—has been removed by Lifetime Heels of Lawrence, Mass., which is marketing a pencil-slim heel guaranteed for the life of the shoe. Heel is made of plastic reinforced with a steel shaft; lift also is of steel and guaranteed not to wear out.

Hill Climber. A cog-driven electric hill-climber for people who like to live on top of hills but get tired of climbing was brought out by the W. E. Cheney Co. of Butler, Wis. Patterned on commercial lifts, the device consists of a two-passenger open car that travels up a double steel track laid flush with the slope. Price: about \$2,000 with 150 ft. of track.

Tougher Rubber. The first synthetic rubber that withstands both high temperatures and the corrosive effect of petroleum products was demonstrated by General Electric. Called nitrile silicone rubber, it is capable of taking jet engine temperatures (500° F. and more), is expected also to have wide use in automobiles, where failure of a \$1 transmission seal often leads to a \$200 repair job. Marketing date: early next year.

Electronic Nurse. A hospital bedside control panel that enables a patient to regulate room temperature and lights, raise or lower the bed, talk with friends on the phone, view TV or visit on closed-circuit television with children in another room was demonstrated by Minneapolis-Honeywell. Price: \$400 for basic unit, up to \$600 with additional features.

Cushioned Freight. A system for reducing shifting and breakage of railroad freight, based on dividing the standard

freight car into compartments separated by inflated air cushions, has been developed by Homer H. Dasey, Pittsburgh industrial engineer and former TIME Inc. production man, in cooperation with Westinghouse Air Brake, U.S. Rubber and the New York Central. Extra cost of equipping a freight car: about \$2,500.

Brush-On Roof. A synthetic rubber emulsion that can be brushed on worn-out asphalt-shingle or composition roofs to extend their life for as much as 15 years was brought out by Montgomery Ward. Price: \$6 a gallon.

RETAILING

Self-Service

As every housewife knows—and almost every businessman—the place where the money goes these days is to the U.S. supermarket, which piles up billions selling everything from aspirin to zwieback. Last week a suburban St. Louis housewife



THE BETTENDORFS
Green stamps, anyone?

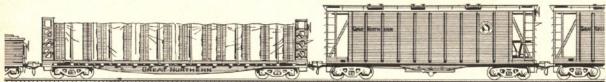
showed one and all just how profitable the supermarket business can be. Into St. Louis County circuit court came Florence Toft Bettendorf, 47, charging desertion against her husband. Supermarketeer Joseph Bettendorf, 51, until lately the proprietor of nine big St. Louis markets. Out went Mrs. Bettendorf wheeling a shopping cart full of money: \$1,175,000 in a divorce settlement, plus \$12,000 a year for the Bettendorfs' four children.

Joe Bettendorf could afford the bite. Starting with a single market and a \$5,000 loan in 1929, he had expanded to two high-quality stores by 1945, kept on growing with the city until last year's sales totaled \$33 million, with profits of \$600,000. Early this year he decided to rest, and sold out to the Midwestern ACF-Wrigley Stores, Inc. Price: \$8,540,000 in stock and cash, which still leaves him a nice little grubstake, Mrs. Bettendorf or no.



NEW GONDOLAS to handle North Dakota's lignite, now moving an ever greater volume. These are 70-ton, hopper type.

NEW MILL-TYPE GONDOLAS of 70-ton capacity. These superb new cars will carry fabricated steel, vehicles, poles and other commodities.



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CINEMA

The New Pictures

The Matchmaker (Don Hartman; Paramount) is Shirley Booth, and no one can match her when she is on the middle-aged make. Waving her umbrella like a fairy godmother with a poltergeistic wand, she stumbles, rumbles and cannily bumbles her way through the title role of Thornton Wilder's 1956 stage success in a manner that moviegoers with a taste for old-fashioned American farce will have no trouble savoring.

As Mrs. Dolly Levi, a widow of parts, Actress Booth plays an erstwhile palm reader and dispenser of medicine oil whose present project is snaring Horace Vandergelder (Paul Ford), possibly the richest merchant in all Yonkers in 1884. Her mission is complicated by the merchant's preference for finance rather than romance. "Marriage," he snorts, "is a bribe to make a housekeeper think she's a householder." Even worse, the old skinflint seems set on marrying somebody young. Author Wilder's solution, which involves exploding tomato tins, a pair of Vandergelder's clerks uprooting the City of New York, a pretty milliner whose rival is purely mythical, and a demonic dinner party, makes no sense at all—but does make scatterbrained nonsense.

Wilder and Scriptwriter John Michael Hayes coat this slapstick with lavish layers of roguish dialogue. If Actress Booth blinks at the camera and confides, "Money is like manure—it's not worth anything unless it's spread around," Actor Ford is there a moment later to lament: "Oh for the days when women were sold for a few cows." Chief Clerk Tony Perkins, who seems to be trying to recapture Jimmy Stewart's lost youth, paws the ground and in that familiar marble-mouthed drawl reckons that he might try kissing a girl: "I'm six foot two and a half tall; I've got to start some time." Replies Robert Morse, his shy fellow clerk: "I'm five foot five, so it isn't so urgent for me." Brought off at breakneck speed amidst a kaleidoscope of neck-breaking pratfalls, this chatter and unabashed clowning by all hands turn *Matchmaker* into a highly amusing farce.

The Defiant Ones (Stanley Kramer; United Artists). Throw together a couple of unknown film writers, an original screenplay never tested in bookstalls, on television or on the stage, a budget of less than \$1,000,000 to cover the cost of old-fashioned black-and-white photography and monophonic sound, and what bubbles up? For Producer-Director Stanley Kramer, at 44 one of the most skillful chefs in the business, the result of putting such ingredients together is savory cinema, free of froth and sharply seasoned.

Kramer's recipe is to pick up a story shell of mollusk-like simplicity and crack it open almost raw to lay bare the flesh beneath. In *Champion* (1949), his hero

was a heel who could hit, and would hit anybody to get to the top; in *High Noon* (1952), a lawman alone against four avenging gunslingers, *The Defiant Ones*, in terms of its plot, is equally spare: two men escape from a Southern chain gang and are hunted down by a sheriff and his posse. But from a stark, grimly witty script by Movie Newcomers Nathan E. Douglas and Harold Jacob Smith, Director Kramer makes a story of human understanding slowly carved out of two men's common violence, loneliness and desperation.

White-Boy Joker Jackson (Tony Curtis) and Black-Boy Noah Cullen (Sidney



TONY CURTIS & SIDNEY POITIER
Bound by a broken chain.

Poitier), chained together at the wrist, are the only two to escape when a prison truck cracks up in a ditch. Linked but loathing, they stumble through swampland, nearly drown fording a river, nearly wrench their arms from their sockets clawing out of a deep clay pit. When they pause, it is not to rest but to spit forth their hatred. Telling Poitier why he is a "nigger," Curtis says: "It's like callin' a spade a spade. I'm a hunk, I don't try to argue out of it." Replies Actor Poitier: "You ever hear tell of a bohunk in a woodpile, Joker? You ever hear tell of 'catch a bohunk by the toe'?"

A farm boy happens upon them, leads them back to the burrow where he and his deserted mother (Cara Williams) live. The woman helps them smash the chain, spends the night with Joker Jackson, and persuades him to flee with her while Cullen heads overland to hop a northbound freight. In a scene that would be the worst sort of corn if the script faltered, Curtis learns that the woman has directed Poitier through a quicksand bog. They painfully borne chain, even broken, has bound them

irrevocably together, and Curtis plunges after him to save capture by the law.

Behind the coupled heroes, the movie-makers have sketched a mud-grimed tableau of the blood-happy townsmen giving chase and a soul-weary sheriff—played to sunken-eyed, raspy-throated perfection by Theodore Bikel. If Sidney Poitier's wild-eyed, bare-fanged portrayal of Cullen is overwrought, it has at least prodded Teen-Agitator Curtis into the first performance of his career that will incline the old folks to a modest whoop.

The Hunters (20th Century-Fox) was made with "the cooperation of the Defense Department and the U.S. Air Force," who obviously hope that moviegoers will smile tolerantly at the story and concentrate on admiring the zooming jets. Bob Mitchum plays a Korean war fighter pilot who falls in love with his wingman's wife. The triangle could hardly be less isosceles.

The long-suffering wingman is Lee Phillips, whose fear of combat has led him to booze his way into his wife's disaffections. He gets popped by a North Korean MIG, bails out over enemy territory. Mitchum, of course, has only to scoot home and catch a quick shower in order to nest down with the missing flyer's spouse (May Britt). Instead, the red-blooded rat turns true blue; he bellylands his plane, heaps Phillips over his shoulder and reels (about 2½) back to their own lines. There Phillips' repentant wife waves disconsolate farewell to Mitchum, but he does not even notice. He is staring at those vapor trails in the sky.

Producer-Director Dick Powell wisely spends a minimum amount of time munching on this knackwurst, trains his cameras as much as possible on the stirring capers of F-86s banging about the sky. He would have been even smarter to hire some tanker planes and never bring the jets down at all.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Reluctant Debutante, Rex Harrison and Wife Kay Kendall, a spicy broth of a girl, ducking in and out of the soup in Director Vincente Minnelli's light-hearted peek at Mayfair manners and amoral (TIME, Aug. 18).

La Parisienne, Brigitte Bardot, leaning voluptuously on the sure comic talents of Charles Boyer and Henri Vidal, finally makes a film that is as funny as it is fleshy (TIME, July 28).

Indiscreet, Cary Grant dispensing yachts and yacht-ta-ta to Ingrid Bergman, in a funny, freeheeling version of Broadway's *Kind Sir* (TIME, July 21).

The Key, A subtle, fascinating story of Britain's ocean-going tugboat captains of World War II, and of the woman several of them loved; with Sophia Loren, William Holden, Trevor Howard (TIME, July 14).

The Goddess, Playwright Paddy Chayefsky and Actress Kim Stanley delivering a roaring diatribe against the Bitch Goddess, Success, at a pace that is sometimes slow, but in a tone that is marvelously Swift (TIME, July 7).



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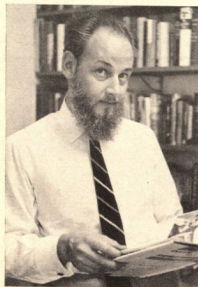
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BOOKS

Mame's the Same

AROUND THE WORLD WITH AUNTIE MAME (286 pp.)—Patrick Dennis—Harcourt, Brace (\$3.95).

Patrick Dennis, the bearded Scheherazade with the eye for the Mame chance, has strummed out another night's entertainment. This leaves 999 nights, and so the public can probably look forward to *Auntie Mame at Yale* and *Auntie Mame*



Ben Martin

NOVELIST DENNIS
Next, *Auntie* in the R.A.F.

in the R.A.F., if not (unless something sordid has been withheld) *Son of Auntie Mame*. At any rate, there is no important difference between *Auntie Mame*, which sold 1,500,000 copies and *Around the World*. Biggest change: in the starting novel Mame Dennis gets married; in the sequel she just gets around.

At the end of the first book, the madwoman of Beekman Place was getting on toward 60 and past her best years (although she would not have admitted it). Clearly Author Dennis (real name: Edward Everett Tanner III) had to buck-track and find a more youthful Mame. Deftly he discovered a hitherto overlooked interlude. It seems that between the time Mame's nephew Patrick was kicked out of St. Boniface Academy in Apathy, Mass. and the time he entered college and the brawny embrace of Bubbles, the waitress, there was a broadening period of travel.

In spite of being the world's most progressively educated orphan, Patrick is a little stuffy, and he watches his manic aunt's antics with considerable unease. Mame, rich, beautiful and pushing 40 (determinedly ahead of her, with a 10-ft. pole), gives him good reason for alarm. In Paris she flutters her feathers across the stage of the *Folies-Bergère*. In the

south of France she becomes romantically involved with a Mediterranean matron-mence named Amadeo Armadillo, and in the Tyrol with an obnoxiously handsome Nazi named Putzi. In London Lady Gravell-Pitt, a flutulent and fraudulent old sandbag, undertakes to direct Mame's entry into court society.

What Author Dennis offers is less often humor than lunatic good humor, and the reader is blown by a pleasant breeze of cheerful idiocy throughout most of the book. Probably inevitably, a calm is reached toward the end, when Mame doing her old turns in outlandish new costumes no longer seems very funny. Particularly in a long, unnecessarily moralistic chapter on Mame among the anti-Semites, *Around the World* begins to sound like *The Long Voyage Home*.

Cabal & Kaleidoscope

BALTHAZAR (250 pp.)—Lawrence Durrell—Dutton (\$3.50).

This important new novel, second of a projected group of four, carries forward perhaps the most exhaustive study of love since Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past*. In the first volume, *Justine* (TIME, Aug. 26, 1957), Author Durrell, 46, brilliantly evoked the city of Alexandria, which has festered for 2,000 years between the sun-sparkling Mediterranean and the Egyptian desert. *Balthazar* covers the same terrain and time span as the first. It is as if the reader were making a return train journey through a landscape he had just crossed—only now he is sitting on the opposite side of the car and everything looks different.

Again the novel's narrator is Darley, a seedy, itinerant Irish schoolteacher. Again the plot concerns his sexual and soulful involvements with Justine, a feline Egyptian Jewess; Nessim, her millionaire husband; Melissa, a tubercular Greek dancer. There is also an assortment of other exotics, who seem to have crawled from beneath a blistered and immemorial stone of Alexandria—Scobie, the transvestite policeman; Toto de Brunel, who dies with a hatpin rammed through his brain; Capodistria, the goatish sybarite; hare-lipped Narouz, who carries a severed head in his saddlebag; Purswarden, who has discovered "the uselessness of having opinions" and turns to the humdrum world "the sort of smile which might have hardened on the face of a dead baby."

Space & Time. In *Justine*, Narrator Darley drew what he thought were final conclusions from his own experience; he supplied answers as he saw them to Justine's nymphomania, Nessim's seeming complaisance and incipient madness, Melissa's tortured love. In *Balthazar*, an all-seeing, cabalistic doctor gives a rude shake to this picture and, as in a kaleidoscope, all the parts fall into radically changed patterns. Darley learns that Justine only pretended to love him, that he was used as a decoy to conceal her passion for

Purswarden, who might thereby escape Nessim's slow-burning revenge. Darley would willingly have died at Justine's command, but Purswarden, her real love, considers Justine merely "a tiresome old sexual turnstile through which presumably we must all pass."

As Proust used the theories of Philosophy (and Nobel Prize-winner) Henri Bergson in his titanic effort to write the definitive novel of time and memory, so Durrell seeks to base his four-decker work on Einstein's space-time continuum. *Justine*, *Balthazar*, and the projected third book, *Mountolive*, will "interlap, interweave, in a purely spatial relation. Time is stayed. The fourth part alone will represent time and be a true sequel."

Truth & Sensuality. Has Durrell succeeded in his effort to discover a new "unity" for fiction? He has, to the degree that few readers can be indifferent to his work or unaware that they are encountering a formidable talent. But, as was the case with Proust and Joyce, his greatest impact may be on other writers—who have become increasingly dismayed at the possibility of finding anything to say in the "realistic" novel that has not already been said better by Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Melville, Thackeray, Balzac.

Balthazar, like *Justine*, is written in a hauntingly sensual style. Over all, like a mirage, hangs the image of Alexandria, where "flocks of spiring pigeons glittered like confetti as they turned their wings to the light." Like confetti glitters Author Durrell's more memorable lines. *Justine* raised many questions that *Balthazar* answers. *Balthazar* has its own riddles, which presumably will be solved in the forthcoming *Mountolive*. But one overriding question is certain to sound throughout all four volumes: What is truth? To that, Durrell has already made a typically cabalistic reply: "Truth is what most contradicts itself."



NOVELIST DURRELL
Next, another answer to old riddles?

The Long Mile

THOMAS GAGE'S TRAVELS IN THE NEW WORLD (379 pp.)—Edited and with an Introduction by J. Eric S. Thompson—University of Oklahoma (\$5).

There was a crooked man and he walked a crooked mile.

In terms of the old nursery jingle no more crooked man walked a longer mile than Thomas Gage, an English Dominican friar turned Protestant clergyman, and no man more thoroughly squandered the possibility of a heroic memory as missionary, adventurer and writer. Thomas Gage is forgotten today so that his name is not even listed in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, yet his narrative of his travels in the New World deserves a place with the classics of exploration.

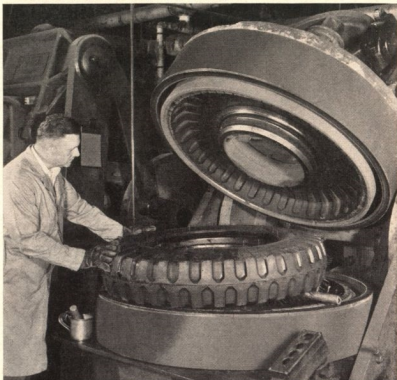
His book, a 17th century anti-papist bestseller—*The English - American his Travail by Sea and Land: or, A New Survey of the West-India's*—can be read for its wonderful period style and detail, but also as a curious psychological document of a man both brave and devious, mean and daring. As edited by Archaeologist-Author J. Eric S. Thompson, it makes a great story.

Priestly Tourists. Gage was born into the bloody-minded time which brewed England's Civil War. The Gage family were militants of Roman Catholicism, and Thomas probably had to change his name as well as his country to get a Catholic education. He studied in Spain and at St. Omer's in French Flanders, a school set up for English Catholics on the run, and became a priest. After 16 years, most of them spent as a Dominican missionary in Mexico and Guatemala, Gage returned to England in 1637 and renounced Catholicism. He became a Protestant clergyman, and his book was written mostly to establish his respectability in Protestant eyes. It is thus fascinating both for direct clarity of observation and for a propagandist's hindsight.

During his travels, he was a sort of premature Cook's tourist in his friar's habit who noted the price of everything, even to the fees he got for every Mass he said. Author Gage's intention was to shock his English Puritan public with the riches and aviciousness of the Roman church in the New World; today's reader might feel that he is being conducted by an accountant among the wonders of a clash of faiths and civilizations.

Noble Pirates. It was a time when men thought of the New World as "just over against Tartary." It was a time when the great city of Mexico already had a cathedral, private palaces and a university, while a handful of New England Puritans huddled in log cabins. Gage traveled through 3,000 miles of splendidly savage country, to fight its climate and its idols. All the rich detail of the great travel book is in Gage's apologia—Drake's marauding soldiers dying of chiggers; Indians blowing trumpets against a plague of locusts; earthquakes, crocodiles, the fabulous pineapple and the "dangerous flux-

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es," noted to this day from drinking the waters of Mexico.

But no matter how good a reporter he proved himself, Gage could never resolve his propagandist's dilemma. When Spaniards got rich, they were rapacious, but when Sir Francis Drake did a little piracy, it was a "noble and gallant gentleman." So it went with one of Gage's great exposé stories of Mexico. As he tells it, a "mighty and rich gentleman of Mexico" named Don Pedro Mejia joined with a viceroy to monopolize all the Indian maize and wheat in the country. The Indians and the poor appealed to the church, and Mexico's archbishop put the extortioner under a ban of excommunication. This failed to move the rich skintill, so the church suspended all divine service. This meant total war, and the viceroy moved to arrest the archbishop. Gage's picture of the archbishop—mired, robbed, with the Host in his hand defying the King's officers—is a great scene despite Gage's intention; he only meant to draw a moral for his Puritan readers against the "proud prelate."

Split Idol. Gage's last major adventure as a missionary was a bold and dramatic episode. With an Indian guide, armed companions and his "blackamoor" bodyguard, he walked into a deserted cave where ancient Indian deities were still worshipped. Coming upon a grim idol and ignoring its scowl, he ordered the idol removed. In church next Sunday, he preached on the text: "Thou shalt not have strange gods before me." At a suitable moment the friar produced the idol and had it chopped to pieces with an ax and burnt. Later the idolaters had Gage cudgelled, stabbed and put in such fear of his life that the local authorities sent a train of armed men to arrest the attacker. Shortly thereafter Gage returned to England—and to religious conflict no less bitter.

Four of his six brothers were in the Catholic clergy, his other kin deeply anti-Puritan. Gage himself, while avoiding prosecution as a priest, got help, refuge and money from his family and Catholic sympathizers. At length he preached a sermon of recantation in St. Paul's just six days after King Charles I raised his standard at Nottingham and began war against his Puritan Parliament. Thereafter, Gage sent to torture and the scaffold an old schoolmate from St. Omer's, a Jesuit priest. There is also some evidence that he actually informed on one of his own brothers, a priest who was executed. Another brother, a colonel in King Charles's army, out of shame offered him a thousand pounds to leave the country; it was not enough.

Perhaps the strangest episode in his strange life came just before Gage decided to recant. Although he pleads throughout his narrative against "Popish superstitions"—including prayers to the saints—he nevertheless made a pilgrimage to Loreto to test his strength as heretic. He had already half decided to renounce Rome and become a Protestant. If, he reasoned, he prayed in bad faith before the image of Our Lady of Loreto, surely it would blush or sweat. But the image made not a sign.

Epic Maker

SEAMARKS (363 pp.)—St.-John Perse—Pantheon (\$6).

One day in 1925, French Premier Aristide Briand faced his brilliant Secretary-General for Foreign Affairs and asked him, flat out, if there was any truth to the rumor that he was a poet on the side. Replied Marie René Auguste Alexis Saint-Léger Léger imperturbably: "It is an imposture." In a sense it was, for nothing could be more different from the sleight-of-hand diplomacy which Léger practiced at the Quai d'Orsay than the sweeping, exotic poems appearing under the pseudonym St.-John Perse (after one of Léger's



POET PERSE
From seed to sea.

favorite ancient authors, Persius). Poet-Diplomat Léger proceeded to make a remarkable though austere unpublished success of both sides of his double life.

A diplomat's diplomat, Léger briefed the passing parade of French Premiers, helped masterminding the Locarno and Kellogg-Briand Pacts. Refusing the post of Ambassador to the U.S. in 1940, Léger fled France ahead of the Nazis who seized and probably burned Léger's unpublished work of 23 years (1916-39), including five books of poetry, a drama, a book of essays and enough raw material for three or four more books. Settling down in Washington, D.C., Léger calmly proceeded to repair the damage done the career of St.-John Perse.

Seamarks is the capstone of that career. Like the four slim volumes that preceded it, it is at once difficult and excitingly readable, frustrating and revealing.

Autumnal Work. The overall meaning of *Seamarks* has to be pried open like a clam, and part of the problem is translation: even the nonlinguist will sense that the opening words, "And you, Seas..." have a brusque, peremptory sound in English that lacks the water-laved caress of "Et vous, Mers..." A further difficulty

is that Perse writes a kind of intricate shorthand of cryptic allusions, which the reader himself must translate as best he can. Perhaps the most rewarding approach to a poem like *Seamarks* is to see it in the context of Perse's entire work.

That work is a kind of autumnal epic, a chronicle of mankind having found all gods dead, having stomachached the rise and fall of civilizations to the point of surfeit, buoyed up only by the hope of new beginnings. The tone is frequently elegiac as in *Exile* (1942):

*I have built upon the abyss and
the spindrift and the sand-smoke. I
shall lie down in cistern and hollow
vessel,*

*In all stale and empty places
where lies the taste of greatness.*

But Perse never allows the hope of purification and renewal to gutter out. In *Anabasis* (1924), his best-known work, partly thanks to an excellent translation by T.S. Eliot, Perse tells of the seedtime of history. Man, the nomad, ranges out over the deserts of the East, "Plough-land of dream." He raises and then razes a city. In *Winds* (1946), great storms sweep across Europe, "leaving us in their wake, Men of straw in the year of straw." The restless hero finds himself in the West as Perse conjures up the discovery and dynamism of America—"the great expresses... with their supply of ice for five days... running against the wind, strapped with white metal, like aging athletes." The implication is that America represents energy without order. Where is the eternal fountain of youth, Perse seems to be asking all along, the origin of life, the innocence and wonder of childhood recaptured? At 71, St.-John Perse finds the answer in the inexhaustible symbol of the sea.

Beyond Time. As *Seamarks* opens with majestic waves of imagery, the poet celebrates the sea as the ever-renewing source and symbol of life. In endless variations on this theme, Perse evokes man's grandest and loneliest moments, his immemorial past, his intimations of a nobler future. With its Invocation, Strophe, Chorus and Dedication—and its sensuous neopagan salute to raw nature—*Seamarks* reads a little like a drama put on for the approval of the gods on Olympus. A long section symbolizing union with the sea might pass for impassioned love poetry. The final evocation is one of renaissance: "The javelins of Noon quiver in the gates of joy! The dreams of nothingness yield to the fides of light."

A vigorous septuagenarian, Perse calls *Seamarks* "my last song." Yet he still intends to write his memoirs ("I have been trusted with many secrets which not even the Foreign Ministers knew about"), and he would like to do a book about the U.S., drawing on the notebooks he kept in travels from Maine to Arizona. Reserved, aristocratic, a grey eminence both in diplomacy and letters, St.-John Perse has always cherished what was "beyond time, not of it." His poetry reflects this quality of timelessness and universality.



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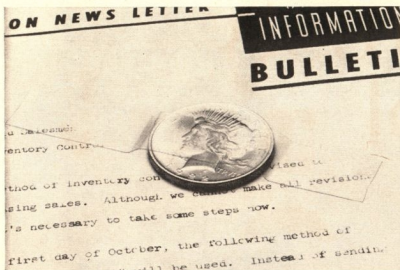
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MISCELLANY

Success Tory. In London, office space on Victoria Street recently vacated by the Conservative Party was taken over by Activated Sludge, Ltd.

Hood Deed. In Fresno, Calif., Scoutmaster Robert J. Brazeau went to jail for six months for passing worthless checks to finance outings for his troop.

Middle-Western Situation. In Kansas City, Mo., when Radio Newsman Walt Bodine asked a man in the street to comment on developments in Lebanon, the man said: "Don't ask me, friend; I just got in town yesterday."

Off Duty. In Pittsburgh, John Law was fined \$50 for disturbing the peace.

Across & Down. In Cranbourne, Australia, Driver John F. Sutton paid a \$22.50 fine after a cop saw him weaving all over the road, discovered that Sutton was working a crossword puzzle.

Found Generation. In Buffalo, Wyo., L. Bugbee, 98, reported a new growth of hair on his long-bald head, a new tooth appearing in his lower gum.

100% Less Tar. In Charlotte, N.C., Burl Ponds slipped a quarter into a machine, got a package containing 20 king-size filters, no tobacco.

Basic Research. In Lewes, England, Leon Seward, who once wrote an article on how to prevent prison breaks, was convicted of a fraud charge, sentenced to eight years.

Bungle from Heaven. In Tulsa, Okla., William S. Clark called police, said his wife was ready to give birth, got an escort, jumped behind the wheel, raced through town behind a wailing patrol car, discovered halfway to the hospital that he had forgotten his wife.

Best Cellers. In Jefferson City, the Missouri State Penitentiary men's library received some donated books, including *The Bobbsey Twins at Snow Lodge*, *Problems in Home Living*, *A Campfire Girl's Chum*, *Live Alone and Like It*, *No More Alibis*, *Home Nursing and Child Care*, *How to Breast-Feed a Baby*.

Action Painting. In Los Angeles, Donald K. Hoster's entry in the All-City Outdoor Art Festival was rejected when officials learned that it was painted by a dozen angleworms dipped in oils and allowed to slither across the canvas.

Getting Ahead Shrink. In Los Angeles, a classified ad in the *Examiner* read: "MAN, intelligent, 8 yrs. college, 35, married, 3 children, desires opportunity to prove ability in legitimate creative position paying sufficient to enable him to afford psychoanalysis."

Frosty cool

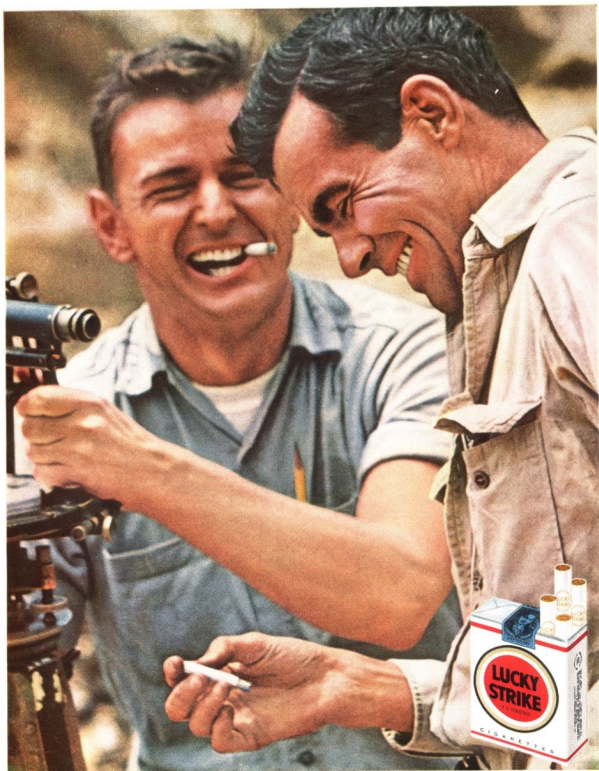


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